

2008 ESKY MUSIC AWARDS:
FEWER GIRLIE MALE
VOCALISTS THAN USUAL

A FEW SUGGESTIONS ON
WHAT TO WEAR TO DINNER
ESQUIRE STYLE, PG. 132

Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

George

CLOONEY

FINALLY TALKS
ABOUT THE
WHOLE MESS
THAT IS HIS
MISERABLE
LIFE

WHEN THE
HELL DID
39-YEAR-OLD
WOMEN
GET TO BE SO
SEXY?
SEE PG. 116

APRIL 2008

DID WE CALL
THIS MCCAIN
NOMINATION
OR WHAT?

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A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS

by Invitationly



KENNETH COLE AT ESQUIRE NORTH

On November 18, 2007, Esquire, Kenneth Cole, and Intel hosted a charity gala event to benefit the Harlem Village Academies, a groundbreaking group of "high-quality public schools founded by Deborah Kenny Johnson, one of Esquire's "Best and Brightest" of 2007." The venue was Esquire North, Esquire's "ultra-luxury bachelor pad," located in a duplex penthouse on Central Park North, where Kenneth Cole and Intel co-sponsored the Casino Room, which designed by Roberto Quattrocchi, Brian Kneas, and Childrens Dance of America, Inc. Guests of the event were treated to a musical performance by Tyler Hilton, and host Bill Cosby recognized three honorees for their contributions to education.

Find inspiration for your spring wardrobe at www.kennethcole.com

-Kenneth Cole
NEW YORK

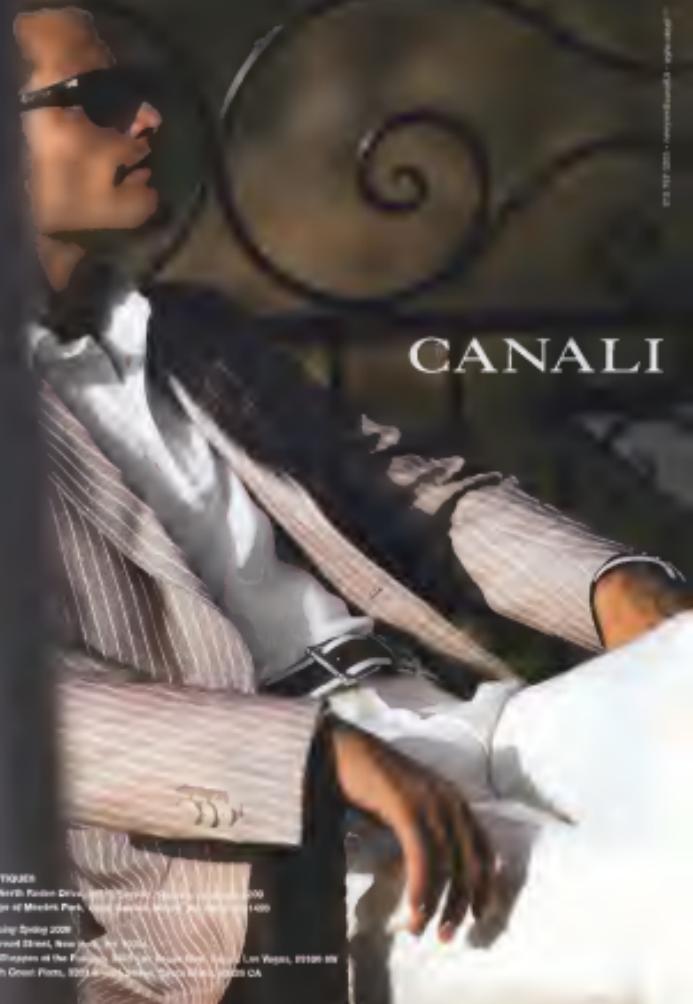


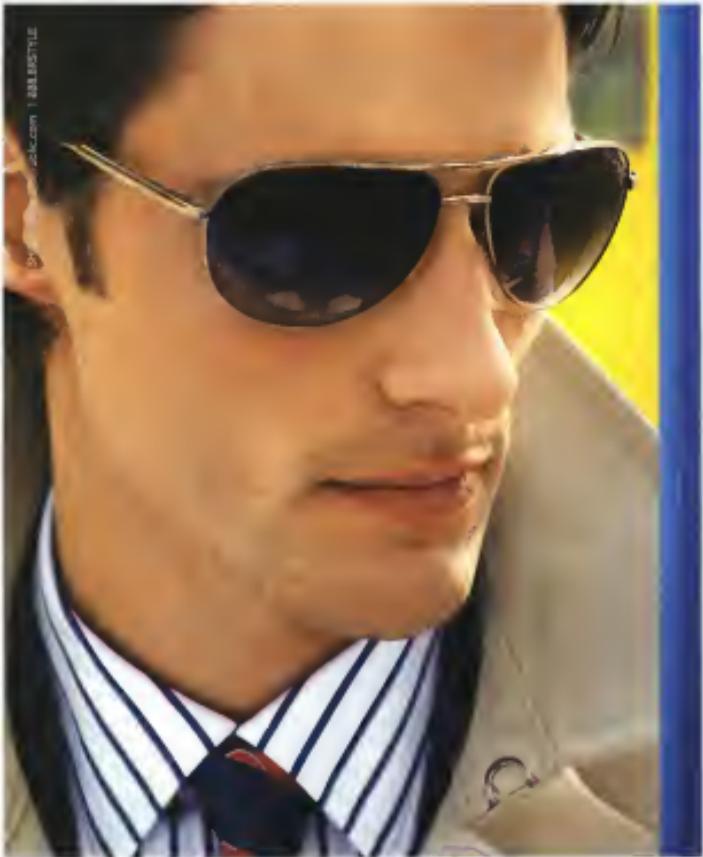
Photo by Arturo Holmes-Vito Paredes styling: Media Better-Gomes and Harlem Village Academy founder Deborah Kenny Johnson. The Kenneth Cole-Created Casino Room designed by Grotto, West 40th Group, Design directed: Peter Dziewanowski, James Slaty and Mike Davis; scenic: Stephen Mertz; musical performed by Tyler Hilton

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ON THE COVER: GEORGE CLOONEY PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ESQUIRE BY MARTIN SCHOELLER; STYLING BY APRIL JOHNSON; GROOMING BY BETH CRIM; HAIR BY JEFF GRIFFIN; DENIM SHIRT, PRADA; VINTAGE HAT, YSL; LEATHER BELT BY M. L. BROWNE FOR FRANCIS SPORTING CLUB

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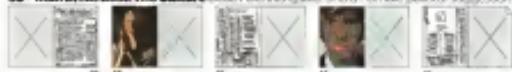
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Eight beautiful sets.
Eight amazing meals.



Ermenegildo Zegna

GREAT MINDS. THINK ALIKE.

This Way In



If February's cover looked familiar, that's because we've done it before. It was the first of four iconic Esquire covers we'll be re-creating and updating to celebrate our seventy-fifth anniversary this year.

WHAT YOU WROTE ABOUT



- Chevy
- Watch out, Dodge
- Finally roking Dodge
- Doing an our cover
- Colby Kosteck
- PH Jackson's noshes
- The All-American Drew Carey

THE ANXIETY OF INFLUENCE

The Victoria's Secret Angels cover was based on a 2003 cover with Kristen Spain, which was based on a 1998 cover with actress Angie Dickinson. So here's my suggestion: Forget the star who's in Esquire in 1998. While this literary cover is better than the one with Spain, I think that the Dickinson cover is the sexiest. Angie doesn't try to get strong; she looks more natural, less plastic. And it certainly doesn't hurt that her nipples are shorter.

JOSEPH CHOTIANSKI
Atlanta, Ga.

By applying the variable rule of "Women in bikinis" on your covers, I have concluded that by the April 2012 issue, whatever's on your cover will have a sweater draped over her shoulders.

TOM KEVITT JR.
Pensacola, Fla.

near number one on my all-time list: Maria Shriver!

KAREN ROGERS
Johnson City, Tenn.

THE IDIOTIBLIS? OR WISE OF DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS

After forty-seven years, Peter, are you still the "idiotiblis" of sports? Because I am a fan of his sidebar. The *Dubious Achievement Awards*.

When I first read Esquire as a sophomore in college, I was stunned by the impact *Dubious Achievement* had on me. Dubious got me through times of innocence and hope, of love and redemption. But you can't right them here. Come on, right them here.

PAUL BESK
Ashtabula, Calif.

While I enjoyed your recent issue, you left out the best model Victoria's Secret has, not to mention the cut-



banced that I have been witness to the Dubious era, and although I'll miss Leslie, I still remain as fondly as the star of Esquire, God-speedful friend.

ERIC A. SEIDEN
Atlanta, Ga.

I'm sure I'm older than 90 percent of your readers, and I remember reading *Dubious* in its alternative magazine years. Without those years, I would not be who I am today. I even included *Dubious* in my talk with my son about being a man. You owe it to future readers to bring it back.

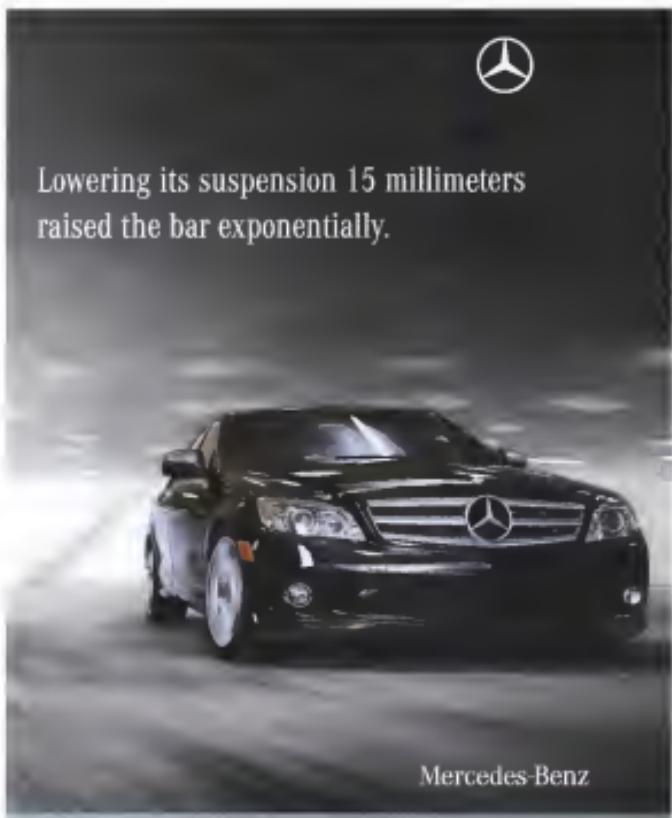
BILL WEIDNER
Colombus, Georgia, Ga.

HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE PUBLISHING "I burn your magazine... That's led to much fighting and near divorce."

THIS MONTH IN THIS MAGAZINE: We help women get elected, hopefully (page 48); check out our contributions (page 49); a Gossamer dream comes true (page 50); Defense Achievements interview (page 48); and one guy who really hates cheaters (page 46).



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This Way In

EXQUISITE READER SEES SAME

Over the years I've provided me with answers to many perplexing letters pertaining to my relationship with men. So I'd turn to you with this letter: I'm a 40-year-old (in my own words) living in Washington, D.C., and I'm looking for dates. I'm not married or being courted, but I haven't had a date in six months. I'm half African, half Indian. Intelligent, intelligent, but not educated; and a sports nut. Not that I'm unattractive, but I'd get a raise if I were. I'm tall, thin, have five toes, short hair, and brown eyes. For men who still play soccer, I'm not fit and status, but I also have the looks of a twelve-year-old boy. I can tell you how many touchdowns Tom Brady threw during the regular season; how many times he has sacked Jim Zorn; and the number receiving yards Tim Brown had this season. Who am I? —Mike Moss

DEBRA STILLE
Washington, D.C.

WE'RE AS CONFUSED AS YOU ARE.
Any take? —James

As the *exquisite reader* notes, an each January, only three special days keep me in good spirits and sprouting wedges: anniversary, Valentine's Day, and the day the Dubious Achievements League hits our mailbox. There's nothing like reliving the horrors of the previous year as only Kasperie can present them.

AMY BULLIN
Austin, Tex.

Reading Dubious is, in itself, a dubious endeavor. Those of you for giving up a tradition, I had the great pleasure of reviewing *Top 10 Books of My College Library* about twenty years ago. I spent the better part of the day never visiting the fathoms of *The Human Condition*.

CONTRIBUTOR AWARDS

FALSIEST MODESTY

"And that's how we made our \$100 million."

—From *Smarter or Nothing: How This Friend's Raised \$100 to Buy an Las Vegas Legendre Concert*. His writing is sharp, his jokes are cracking, and his wit is enviable. He's also a good guy. You can find him at www.GodlessHighLife.com, written with his partner at large, Carl Rosenthal.

HIGHLIGHT FOR A LETTER WE WON'T BE EXAMINING "You Want to be Left Asking 'no hold hands.'"

In high school in Dubious, it was, and still is, a academic experience to read that there are bigger assholes in the world than yourself.

ADAM WINICK
New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

WHAT REAL AMERICANS THINK ABOUT AMERICA

Also in the February issue, writer Colby Jeffery above from San Francisco to Bangor, Maine, to our regular Americans—does their country have a future? "I'm not sure," says our contributing editor. "How they thought we were doing in a country that's been the U.S.A." Although Jeffery's article is interesting and well written, I can only imagine how different it would have been if it were done by someone with a more positive outlook or a better grasp of the human condition. You will always find anything to be truly dismal if that's the only thing you seek. Also, I wonder what a person has to have found after having focused on aliens, bars, and qualche storia.

KATHY J. HARRIS
Bronxville, N.Y.

After reading this article, it's clear that the masses are clueless. What are they teaching in schools now?

HARVEY BELLIN
Baltimore, Md.

CHIVALRY, AN ADDENDUM AND A CHATRIC

Let's face it: most women around aren't even interested in men. Every girl I offend is gonna f— me. That's why I have offends a primer ("The Exquisite Guide to Chivalry 101"), including a map detailing appropriate behavior for a one date.

A few suggestions for your way:
1. Walk in front of her while going down

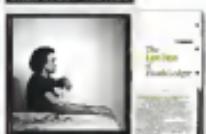
stairs and behind when going up.

2. Open every door for a woman—depends on what she's wearing. If she's in pants, let her in first. But if she's wearing a skirt or dress, you get in first so that she doesn't have to slide.

3) Your advice to provide her through revealing clothes completely contradicts what she's doing. I was editor-in-chief of a magazine that suggested that she should go first. That way you can push to catch her speed and still be able to watch her ass.

4) Although you and your co-ed engaged the tradition of walking on her outside while on the sidewalk, I think you should always do this. [continued on page 34]

RACK STORM: FICTION



"The Last Days of Heath Ledger," page 26

To write a comprehensive critique of Heath Ledger's last days, we'd need to look at the actor's life, his relationships with the other actors and actresses who worked alongside him during his last weeks, and read as many accounts and rumors about the events surrounding his death as possible. She didn't do that, with her imagination. The result is what we call a book that's not a book. It's a memoir. That Ledger was in London. He was a regular at the British pub and the Miss Cup. Others were infatuated with Nick Drake. Others were

MOST REVERENT ROCKERS

"Awesome performance," he grinned broadly. "They preyed like three tigers in a twenty-minute set."

—From a conversation overheard at a Christian rock concert by Daniel Robison in his *Junior reviewing and descriptively critical reviews of the best Christian Adventures in Life* (Private Universe of Christian Pop Culture).



DOLCE & GABBANA

This Way In

EDITOR'S LETTER

Back to Ourselves



EVERY COUNCIL IN A WHILE, somebody says something to you that is compelling enough to lode somewhere in your mind than come back to you years later, carrying with it the ring of truth.

More than four years ago, I had no further than one man and business leader. This is a man who was born in South Africa, grew up in the Middle East, and now shuttles professionally between Central Europe, with stops in nearly every country of the world, including ours. He has a broad perspective.

I noted him if this were in Iraq and the Bush administration's general pragmatism would create permanent hostility with the rest of the world. He said that, from his perspective, the international community viewed the years following 9/11 as an aberration and the rest of the world would be tolerant of us, even if our behavior extended into a second presidential term. He said

that it was assumed that eventually America would come to itself, which I took to mean having a positive force in the world.

As I've watched the field of candidates, President Bush performed down to three, and as we've all seen the Cheney-Bush version of how the last superpower compass will fly in runs on the floors of places like Abu Ghraib and Guantanamo, I'm hoping that this was right. If the Bush administration has shown us anything, it's that we can't go alone. The world of the twenty-first century requires partnerships, if forces us to realize that our sole needs take care of leadership as opposed to bullying.

Read Ross Hunter's story about Admiral Tom Fallon, the commander of U.S. forces in the most volatile part of the world, and you see a stark vision. Deep down, I hope you see his intent in breaking a bad-energy deal between Afghanistan and Taliban. What he had in Tora Bora may not seem like it did, but the point the story makes is that a deal that does form can be catastrophic. Al-Qaeda and other Islamic extremists than five years of war in Iraq.

The shift in American power and influence in this century will be governed by the interests of cooperation who let lift the norm and wisdom to keep the big stick of military strength option rather than a full-scale invasion.

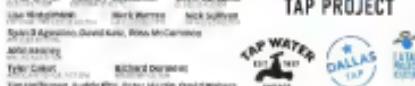
I AM HEREBY URGING everyone to go out to dinner as many times as possible between March 16 and 22. Last year, we assisted our friends at Diagrams as they launched the Tap Project in New York City. As you may recall, on World Water Day, we asked diners in more than three hundred restaurants to pay a dollar for what is normally free—tap water—and the money raised went to support UNICEF programs that provide clean, safe water to the hundreds of millions with little access to it. This year, not only has World Water Day become World Water Week, but we've expanded from one city to more than a dozen. Go to [tap.org](http://www.tap.org) for details. —DAVID GRANGER

Esquire

Arnold DiGregorio (Photo: David M. Benett) / Getty Images

David Granger

Peter Arnett, Robert Baldwin, Brent Burdette



John E. Morris, Peter Morris, David S. Morris

Marcus Wittenberg, Buddy Wittenberg, Peter Wittenberg, David Wittenberg

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TO FIND A RESTAURANT OR DONATE NOW, VISIT [TAPPROJECT.ORG](#)

THE GUY WHO GIVES OUT THE ESQS

For the past six years, contributing editor Andy Langer has been Esquire's primary writer of musical taste. And for the past four years that's been it. "I'm not writing for the magazine," says Langer, "but I'm writing for myself." Langer's work has won him a number of awards—most recently the National Magazine Award for Best Music Critic. "It's a great honor," he says. "I'm not writing for anyone else." Langer's work has also won him a number of awards—most recently the National Magazine Award for Best Music Critic. "It's a great honor," he says. "I'm not writing for anyone else."

Esquire

KEVIN C. O'MALLEY

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[continued from page 16] Women act only when the art, they revised it.

MATTHEW JETTER
Gaithersburg, Conn.

Not sure we agree with a male of theirs especially on following up to the show which might make him question where you're from or your place that you do or if an important person. Cheesy A cartoon and a delusion.

If two men want to be treated equal surely, they better not bitch about equality. I was taught since childhood to treat women as equal human beings while that's what I do. There's no way in hell I'd let them sort me out on the subway as there's no way I'd give up for it to a woman, either. If she's a prostitute, I pass her her problem. And if a woman's stuck lagging a ninety-pound suitcase toward the airport, well, I guess

next time she'll remember not to pack away this table for carry-on.

PERRY LITTLE
Evanston, Conn.
—Editor

WHO THAT YOU?

ESQUIRE MAKES CANADIANS HAPPY WELL ONE

How would a person feel about appearing on the cover of your awesome magazine? I have dreams of being Esquire here for years. It's something every bucket list I am five facets and blend, with beautiful brown eyes. 26-30 I live in Toronto. Maybe we could do something on her behalf?

JENNIFER SHOWERS

Toronto, Ont.

Karen and I editing the magazine here in Canada. We're still here. For a small viewing, at least

—Editor

SWING VOTERS HAVE MORE FUN >JOIN THE PARTY



VOTED #1 VODKA OF 2033

TWO THINGS TO DO ON ESQUIRE.COM

Watch out about the number one list of reasons. Men says it's because we're chomping at the bit. Es. That's right, we just can't read the magazine without the number one list. Even if we don't even care about all those to reach our goal of completing this checklist. When we do it, know about women...and if you do, tell us how your mom is. You're mom, we're hoping you have the same kind of relationship. And that you'll ask them to go to the bar with you to do things.

Esquire released its debut "Top 100" list. You'll notice that it's not just the top 100. It's the top 100. So, we have a "top 100" Esquire.com. Because it now includes more than two hundred members of drinking culture, all of whom will bring you either with a smile, bright your troubles, or just your word to eat mixed nuts from a communal bowl.

BEST BARS IN THE WORLD
Esquire.com

includes more than two hundred members of drinking culture, all of whom will bring you either with a smile, bright your troubles, or just your word to eat mixed nuts from a communal bowl.

This Way In

DESNAGGING TIES, TIPS FOR SHORT GUYS, AND A GIFT THAT ISN'T JEWELRY

My fingerless mitts snag my affliction and pull the thread out into small loops. How do I prevent that from happening and is there any way to fix what's done?

DAVE ASKING
Austin, Tex.

Austin attorney Marc Sullivan responds: The quick solution is to cut the loops as

close to the cloth as possible at each end and snip them with scissors you have. As far as prevention goes, try lighter-weight silk, which resists sherry better than silk and leaves the fibers better anchored against damage. And come year's Newspaper

Frazer says it's good, five feet two inches tall, and weighs 135 pounds.*

When I go out with my family, I'm often mortified for a teenage and I've tried it. Please help me figure out the right clothing to wear and where to shop.

F. LEE DURRIS JR.
Fort Polk, La.

Sullivan responds: Compensate by dressing up, even dressing like a little girl. You can't go wrong with a button-down shirt, matching colors + solid-colored bottoms of any or basic tailored pants. If you're going to wear a belt, make sure it's a simple one. Since men's ties tend to offend customers at either end of the spectrum—the flannel masters, you probably need to get some customer training. Men's shirts are also available in a variety of styles. For the guys who like a jacket or a tuxedo, a solid-colored taffeta jacket or a solid-colored tuxedo jacket will look sharp.

What should I say for my out-of-state get-together? We've been together for six months. I thought about jewelry, but that seems too clichéd.

NICK RUEHL
Albuquerque, N.M.

Get her White + Warren's costume jewelry and Shear enjoy the classic, over-the-top, and appropriate. If you're not那儿 to be seen with the other things she should buy her a diamond ring.

—CITATIONS

CLOSE WHERE IN THE BIN

When I heard he'd won Avery's "What I've Learned" collection, I looked back. There were forty-nine sets interviewed and only seven women. What did I learn? Because isn't interviewing the right people

JAY LUBOW
Oshkosh, Wis.

Thankyou for the elegant Drunks Debutante (online at [drunkedebutante.com](http://www.drunkedebutante.com)). I have just had my first trash masterpiece, made with Wild Turkey rye instead of bubbly, and I feel like I could burst in a press of Bordello. It probably doesn't hurt that I had ear-to-ear

Why we like the real rooms mentioned in this column (in Article 1, page 522).

ALLEN & DELANEY Because the homes are lived-in and in perfect condition.

ANTHOS Because they do Greek versions of American-style pieces well, and the pieces are well-made and interesting. Plus a lot of flavor and you look around and think, "My God, this is lovely!"

CHARLOTTE CHAMBERS Because they make a nice dinner.

DISASTER ROOM Because what's more fun than to break eggs herself—just seriously?

LE BERNARD Because it just might be the best restaurant in the world.

LEVER HOUSE Because you look around at the high-concept architecture and the great building—dinner and show! That's the way to go.

LILLY'S DAIRY Because you feel like you're part of a team after an elegant, elegant meal.

PARK AVENUE SPAGHETTI Because they give the truth to change the menu. The place serves the same every day unless it's running out of half of a box.

PATRIOT Because you can find better Italian food in New York.

QUALITY TIME Because the Pommers are too addictive.

SAN DOMENICO Because the cocktails are the easiest and the cocktails are incredible. And because of their ribs.

HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE BURNING

"I hope you fall in dog poop in your suit."

(*) Before I started selling sunglasses on eBay (see page 82), with a Cong Donations weight of 200 pounds. At those weights, he's up to 225, nearly cost F. Lee Durris!

HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE BURNING

"Do you think the Egyptian pyramids suck, too?"

this afternoon and that my kids are growing down and that I'm getting older, mother of four narration of Discovery's *Planets Earth* is filling my living room, but I like to think it's the annotation.

DENNIE JARVIS
Morgan Hill, Calif.

On a recent ski trip, my husband and I arrived at a parking lot at 11,840 feet—twenty minutes before the cost to park drops from twelve dollars to nothing. When I asked the booth ticket guy if he could "hold" me twenty minutes, he shot back, "You got a good joke?" Having

just finished our February issue on the Eighties, I sat him with his *Headey's* joke about the Indian route (Man in the West). I mean, no, I wished the accent on the "Sobras Pop-a-Tastic" punch line, as killed. It also served our *Headey's* books.*

JAMES HEADEY
Austin, Tex.

Letters to the editor may be mailed to *The Smart and the Funny*, P.O. Box 1204, Montclair, N.J. 07042. Also, letters may be e-mailed to letters@msn.com. Letters (250 words) include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited or lengthened at editor's discretion. www.esquire.com/letters

Dubious & You: The Milestones

We expected the end of *Doctors Achievements* to be just another, even-older sidebar, but we were wrong. You guys and *Doctors* have started some special events.

First *Doctors Achievements*
has a life's milestone:

1971



Bob Weide
removes
contents
of
Colombian
Colombia,
talks to tell
son about
his own
and his
dad involves
investigating
mysteries

1984



Collegiate
sophomore
Eric Sessions
of Atlanta
reads the first
Doctors issue

1985



Adam
Winkler
of New Smyrna
Beach, Florida,
spends the
midnight
in college
library after
finishing an
unpublished
Gordon
thesis

1990



Jeff Daniels
Academy-nominated
actor discusses

2009



Randy Newman
of Springfield, Missouri
shops reading *Esquire*



Sartoria Ravazzolo

84. Entomophagy: Insects as a major source of protein in the diet of many cultures. See also insectivory.

www.esquire.com/84



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A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

Man at His Best

1. THE CULTURE ▶ Performances of the month, the problem with opinions
2. THE INSTRUCTIONS ▶ Gardening for men, what to say to your barber
3. STYLE ▶ A guide to leather featuring eels, goats, and dragons

THE VOCABULARY

(See the words you will encounter in the pages that follow. Learn their conversation.)

• **MEMENTO MORI** n. A Latin phrase that roughly translates into "Remember you will die," which can be used to cut the boastful down to size or place one's own life into elegant perspective. Best delivered with an Italian accent, squinty eyes, and a slow nod. (SEE PAGE 44)

• **torture porn** n. A GENRE OF FILM THAT CELEBRATES RELENTLESS, UNTHINKABLE VIOLENCE AGAINST THE INNOCENT, THE NAIVE, AND THE PRETTY. (SEE PAGE 40)

• **SQUIRREL IN THE TOMATOES** n. 1. An otherwise adorable rodent that helps himself to the bounty of your garden. 2. A strangely comforting reminder that what we grow will get eaten, by us or by something else. (SEE PAGE 54)

• **supernatural selection** n. THE BELIEF THAT HUMANS HAVE DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY OVER THE CREATURES OF THE EARTH, AND THERE'S NO WAY WE COULD BE RELATED TO THEM. (SEE PAGE 46)

• **QUAIDIAN** adj. 1. Describing a prolific but underrated acting career, like Dennis Quaid's. 2. Describing a prolific but underrated acting career that has been underrated so long, it's appropriately rated, like Randy Quaid's. (SEE PAGE 43)

• **SAFFRON** n. 1. The stigma of the crocus flower used as a spice in the tasty Spanish dish paella. 2. The first name of a baby English star. (SEE PAGE 43)

• **RUFFING THE LINIMENT** n. One of many techniques for ingesting an anachronistic combination of alcohol and natural oils. A underused strategy for anything you might be in doubt about, even though you're not sure it's doing you any good, like waterskiing or voting. (SEE PAGE 54)



FIC: J

• **GIGI LOAFER** n. An iconic shoe of black leather and brass that manages to seem both well worn and contemporary. See also: The Ray Ban Wayfarer, the Sperry Top-Sider, Dora Rackin. (SEE PAGE 51)

QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS SECTION:

• **WHAT COULD
HURT MARIO
WATER?** (P. 40)

• **HOW DO I GET
MY LIFE
BACK ON
TRACK WITH
A PROFESSIONAL
THERAPIST?** (P. 40)

• **HOW CAN I
GET RID OF
MY ADDICTIVE
BEHAVIOR?** (P. 40)

• **WHAT'S
PRESIDENT
JOHN ADAMS
SET UP FOR
DAMYST?** (P. 40)

• **WHERE
AM I GOING
TO BORN?** (P. 40)

• **IT'S 8:00
NOW,
BUT
EVERYONE
NOT
BELIEVE
IN
ELECTIONS?
UN. 44**

• **CAN WE
START FROM
A HIGH-MA
GROOVE?** (P. 43)



"The Tuck Pendleton
machines zero defects."



"Will you look at those two dandies?"





Film

The Most Brutal Film Ever Made. Made Again.

Funny Games is a shot-by-shot remake of the original, which means it's hard to watch but impossible not to. By Mike D'Angelo

TEN YEARS passed. I believe I could summon the courage to rewatch Michael Haneke's 1997 provocation *Funny Games*. I bought the DVD the week it came out, and it just sat on my shelf, mocking me—an oddly-gleeful serial killer, who turns up in an ordinary middle-class家庭's vacation house and proceeds to torture and murder them for laughs. When I finally picked it up and took a second look, it was even more repellent and more repugnant.

Then I'd remembered: Well, at least he'll have to turn it down a little for this American remake. I'd done it, I reasoned myself. I don't think I could take that again in case...

Welcome to my nervous breakdown—*and yours*, potentially. *Funny Games U.S.A.*, the new version has been dubbed, has to be the most perverse movie ever released by a major American studio, or even by a studio's dedicated indie arm (in this case, Warner Independent). I don't know what form of temporary insanity led some sot to conclude that a taste audience was ready for this experi-

ence, but I'd like to take the shade ahead before he's led off to the gallows. And there's no cause that says managers benefitting pitchforks don't get to kill first.

Hollywood remakes of challenging foreign films are usually watered down until they're safely innocuous (The Wandering, an unflattering 1988 Dutch thriller ends with the hero turned alive, screaming into the darkness, the U.S. version, made five years later—and水ed down by the money—ends with the hero (Kiefer Sutherland) buried alive... and then dug up by his girlfriend, who helps him

despite appearances, director Michael Haneke's oft-erroneously dignified film has now cast itself as a *Funny Games* rip-off. This bunches the original footage,

defeat the bad guy and restore order. Our pop song:

Hawkins is having none of this. Not only is his original almost unbearably grim-freakish, but *Funny Games U.S.A.* as a whole represents the most pointlessly dourly dourness of feature-length film ever made. It's safer, however, I'd swear than the new cast—Naomi Watts and Tim Roth as the tortured couple, Michael Pitt and Emily Corlett at the seeling industry—

bullets digitally pasted

THE RULES

Rule No. 10: If there's a howling bull in a cage, the last object to come crashing down from its suspended heart is Rule No. 422.

Running shoes are held tight to the runners. Rule No. 423: You can't go to a concert and then drop by the same private dinner party.

Deadline.com 800.221.8531 Available at fine eye care professionals nationwide

C onto the original Austin Powers. Not a single ounce of that sick, snooty-caducing sh-t has been spared.

And there's like the paradigm that's going to tie folks up. A doctor (one would say hypothetical) mentor, Hasselbeck wants us to make us question the pleasure we re-

THE KILLERS ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE, ASKING US WHETHER WE WANT THEM TO STOP

come from watching people suffer. *Penny Dreadful* ("I participated the Sows and Horns that would find me a place to come a few years later at the same time, though he delivers more genuinely gushing, how-to info than those films per se, even while keeping most of the violence off-camera. Unlike the hawks he's reading—and very much like his books—Hasselbeck demands to know how to use the language well as a weapon.

At regular intervals, the killers turn to the cameras and address the audience, asking us who we're rooting for and whether we want them to stop. And the offhandedness of this climactic moment when the bad guys finally run the tables on their terminators—is given to us and then snidely, snarly recinded in a way you almost have to see to believe. *Penny Dreadful* is a masterful torture-porn film that implicitly engrosses the viewer for sitting through it. Its true and lasting relevance is suffered not upon its characters but upon us.

The Hall of Cultural Significance

The six most important performances this month

ACTRESS
WHOM NAME
WE JUST
REMEMBERED



Olivia Munn In *Snow Angels*, the 21-year-old, who steals scenes as the best friend in *Juno*, is in a special place right now—youthful enough to play high schoolers but stilling enough to avoid being typecast. In this movie, not only does she look like a prep school girl out of costume. See also: Morena Baccarin, who plays Anna Karenin on Showtime's *The Tudors*.

WHITE GUY
OF THE
MONTH



Jeremy McNamee In *Orrible*, Taylor Kitsch waited for roles that require jazz cuts. McNamee is the newest rock star. As an uncoordinated street urchin in *War Pigs*, he's funny. As an angry martial arts enthusiast in *War Wolf*, he's kickass. As a smooth, smoothie-drinking, blue-blooded, white guy in *Requiem*, he's commanding. In this movie, he's a computer geek. In *Blue Mountain State*, he's with his室mates. See also: Paulie Williams in *Two Months*

BUDGETED
IMPORTANT
STAR GUY



President James Adams Let's get this out of the way: James Franco's got his face on the dollar bill and the quarter. Our second guess is seven percent intensity in *Orrible*. Adams' bona fides? See his fan for a guy who opposed the Stomp Act and took up the Navy SEALs after the *Woody Woodpecker* on *Boiled* (presumably 10,000 BC).

INSPIRED
PERFECT
MANICURE
OR BRAIN-MATE
OBJECT



The Headstrong In *Allegiant*, a teaching document very about children Eric Michael Johnson's quest to lead *Divergent* from the ashes of *Insurgent* to a 21st-century *Divergent*. Which is encouraging to say the least of all the *Divergent* fans out there. Who'da thought? Only the highest intensities on earth. *The Headstrong* will also be seen next month in *Shame* over Easter. See also: James Franco.

ODD
BUT FESTIVE
PAIR & PAR



Danyo Mouse and the Stink Keys On *Attack & Release*, Danyo Mouse gets to flex for his work with Curtis Brothers and Gorilla. The Keys are known for not sounding like either of those guys. And yet this synth solo shatters the mold of what's possible and reasonable. See "Lore" written all her right. See also: *Star Wars* (Leia) and *David Mamet* (Edie) start in *Redoubt*.

MISS
UNGRATEFUL
PEARL



Kurt Messers In *Black Mass*, filmmaker Don McKellar's documentary about basketball programs at lower-city black colleges. At Mississippi State, Monroe averaged 14 points per game and was a elite. Now he's compartmentalized and appears in a sports doc that accomplishes that's a lot of making a weighty call. Last point: *Sensation*. See also: *Kurt Blumenshine* (D-Oreg.).

Film →

THE UNDER-RATED ODEIVRE DENNIS QUAID

and love interest). Thomas Hayden Church (Quaid's brother-in-law) and Ellen Page (somehow radiant combination of apathetic and cute) are a solid cast. Quaid is suddenly impressive professor Sarah Jessica Parker (this doctor's conservative daughter)—but except for Quaid's performance and Page's somewhat radiant combination of apathetic and cute, it's a pretty bad film. Still, there's the prof and starchy Quaid. That thick voice, that weathered face, that passionless face with incomprehensible moments. Cap Note: Ben Stiller's *Tusk* features a man who's a 23-year-old Ben Stiller. The main protagonist, yes, is not, however, enough capital-cum-guy and Jesus that smile. Quaid's well done. (To clarify this is an appreciation of Dennis Quaid, not Randy.)

—BRIAN MCGOWAN

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THIS MONTH IN EXCESSIVENESS » The word they's just one part of the installation Everybody always thinks they are right—one of dozens of sentences graphic designer Stefan Sagmeister illustrates in the book *7 Things I Have Learned in My Life So Far* (Abrams, \$40). His lessons feature, among other things, fish chocolate spiderwebs, shrubbery hot dogs, police tape. And monkeys. Turns out unsolicited advice isn't more profound when it's hosted by a giant inflatable animal but it's a little more palatable.



Books

Reminder of the Month: Death!

nonstop to the undifferentiated country.

You know this already. Everybody does. It's an easy to forget. Because living with its distance and its crowds and gossip and via headlines, newspapers try to make us forget. This is where David Shields proves valuable in *The Thing About Life Is That One Day You'll Die* (Doubleday, \$24). If all the sounds depressing, it's not. There's a comfort to be found in this sobering-up against a mortality in Shields' clear-eyed look at the way we live in which we come undone. While we may increasingly live in

our heads, he returns us to the presence of our bodies.

Throughout the work, Shields is a clean and different stylist. He weaves into these pages a loving and unsentimental portrait of a 95-year-old father who, with an interest in dying, is a man who will make the nevertheless. In these sessions, Shields' book reads like life like唐吉诃德。With Mervyn Emanuel the author is a permanent aging and death for these who take them with a the sanguine. It's also full of cool that you'll want to have over drinks. In the second contrary the average life span was 28, his branch last

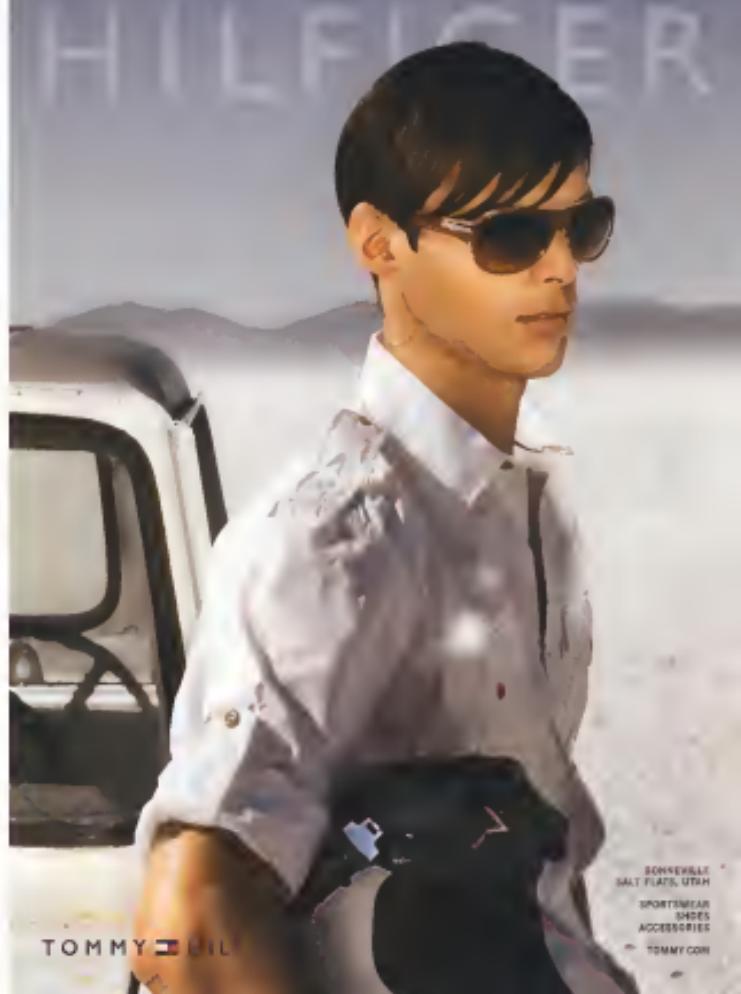
words were "first words are for those who haven't said enough." What it adds up to, the truth that *that* is never off-handish, is that "the individual doesn't matter." Death is a great collective experience.

What to call this odd book, then? *Memento Deste*? Literary muddle? Who cares? Any book worth reading is ultimately a book about dying. And Shields' book makes that point more explicitly than most. At its best, education the way all books should—in memory more. *Reminder of Death*. If you don't have time you oughta. You're gonna die.

— BENJAMIN ALBUP

The thing
about life
is that
one day
you'll be
dead.
*David
Shields*

BIG INTO YOGA! Carl
Von Giesen, the Ringling
circus star and acrobatic
hermit! Excellent. You're
gonna die. Whatever your
name is, it's soon to be
famous in the business
end of a tombstone. Your
belly is booked. One way,





<< Things We Won't Be Covering This Month
The new cookbook *Food 2.0 Secrets from the Chef*. Who needs Google? Jelly Belly's new Extreme Sport Beans, jelly beans with caffeine. The new documentary *Life After Tomorrow*, about the NGOs of child stardom. For more than 40 women who were part of the original Broadway production of *Annie*. Underwear's new push-up underwear for men. Body Shapers, which are designed to "supplement your best assets."

A Humble Suggestion

By Tom Chiarella

It must have been nice to live in a village by a river when everything was all about hunting and gathering. The sun rose and fell. Fires were kept lit. Sure, every day was a head-scratching, mind-screwing, sharpen-a-stick, stretch-the-roof-or-whatever-and-every-skin-wants-in-on-the-action survival. But there is comfort in that sense of purpose. And while it can't have been all that pleasant—cracking open the bones of birds to suck out the marrow, eating seeds off the ground-house floor, fighting off mites—let's just hope they didn't have to kowtow when everybody thinks it's a hours-a-day. The citizens were likely of, or closer to, my way, one would, one opinion. Something like: We gotta live through this together.

In the village, a guy who talked too much would be of no real use. Eventually someone would need him to work—to pick some beans or plant some seed—but when he couldn't, they might use him in another way. This leads to one writer's modest proposal: As we are both now divided by opinion and separated with it, it seems wise that we should eat Chela Matzah. Contingent with the sweet-meats of Bill Maher and Glenn Beck, there is no doubt this would make fine friandise or rapport. But that is just one writer's opinion.

But this country is a supermarket of opinion in which everyone rattles around with their wobbly-wheelied corn, grabbing exactly what they need—by hand—and never. There is no nacho-chipotle, a flavor so deeply taste-budful, raciest-on-so-many-scales of our lives, that you can't tell the good stuff from the chaff. All day long. Everyone is an expert. Each expert

grown a kind of hubris, making true conviction just another pointed scheme, virtually assuring that we will all forget that we have to live through this together.

Your cleaning woman wants a flat tax rate. The desk clerk at the hotel takes a moment to tell you a what we can do to strengthen the border. And it's all delivered with the benevolent air of grandury, xminers, pomposo smugness, followed by a smug grin that says, "I can think of those pearl-clusters enough!" Opinion is lower-grievous argument, just more opinion.

In the village, a guy who talked too much would be of no real use. Eventually someone would need him to work—to pick some beans or plant some seed—but when he couldn't, they might use him in another way. This leads to one writer's modest proposal: As we are both now divided by opinion and separated with it, it seems wise that we should eat Chela Matzah. Contingent with the sweet-meats of Bill Maher and Glenn Beck, there is no doubt this would make fine friandise or rapport. But that is just one writer's opinion.



WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?

Candid responses to a perplexing reality from an expert and a comedian

MAJOR HUMAN FLAW

Some people still don't get it. It's important to remember:

RESPONSE NO. 1:
Eugene C. Scott, author of *Evolution vs. Creationism: An Introduction*

The percentage of Americans who accept evolution is close to 90 percent. So if 10 percent of the public should be interpreted literally and if you are a Biblical literalist, evolution is not compatible with that view. For the most—reflections on evolution are common in evolutionary biology—it is a matter of human interpretation: the idea that humans are different and unique from other organisms. Part of that is the "You factor"—"you no monkey." Both people under evolution and creationism then appreciate that the basic idea discussed must be educate from them.

RESPONSE NO. 2: by Mike Bratliek, stand-up comedian, author (DVD) *What I Should Have Said When I Met My Wife*

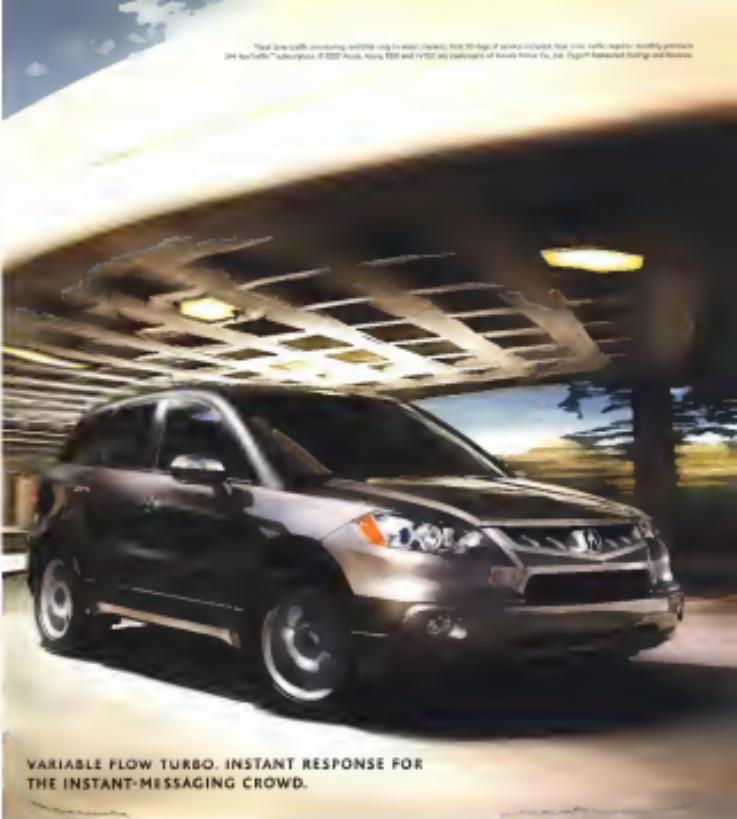
It's funny that the world is a climate last year.

These Republicans can't stand for president of the United States when their stance when asked who God is is, "I'm not religious." And these aren't even the Christian people in America, they're just trying to court the "World," note. Some churches believe that God put animals down on the earth or that God made us and then accomplished. God must would these people never see a godlike giving birth to a human baby?

Because I think they have that in their heads.

Read time: Please see us on [esquire.com](#) in October

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ACURA
ADVANCE

Funny Joke from a Beautiful Woman

As told by
SAINTON BURGESS

TWO WOMEN IN DRINKS ... two drunk nuns coming down the street. The first woman says, "Well you look at those two drunks!" The other woman says, "Well, at least your father has brought you some flowers." And the first woman says, "You know what that means? I'll be on my couch with my legs up the air all week!" And the other woman says, "Why, how you must feel in there!"

ABOUT THE SUBJECT

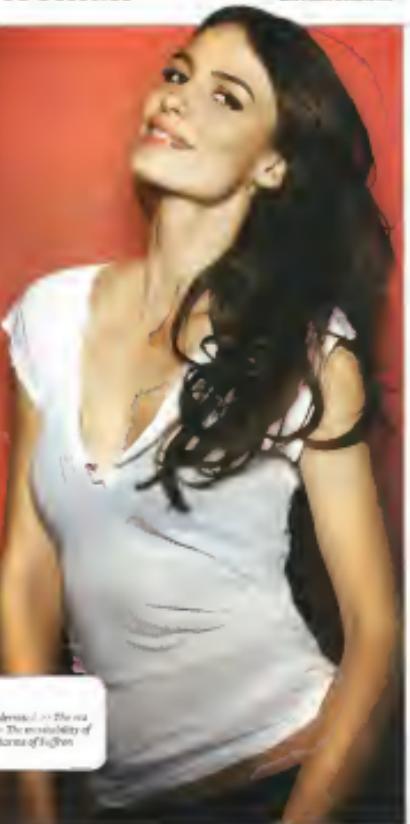
As a child, Sallie Krawcheck's grandmother took her many evenings into their favorite store, and she'd been fascinated by the women who worked there, performing the various everyday banking tasks with grace and confidence. The idea for her own financial work as a financial advisor part-time was born. In 2008, Sallie founded Ellevest, a company focused on wealth management and protection. This month, Krawcheck will celebrate her 10th anniversary with the company. She's now the CEO and founder of Ellevest, and is the director, which dedicated at *Sisterhood Is Forever*. Krawcheck has had months learning to play a Fender and originally wrote letters with the local paper girl and a deliveryman. It's her own generous heart yet.

-NICKI BOYD BROWN

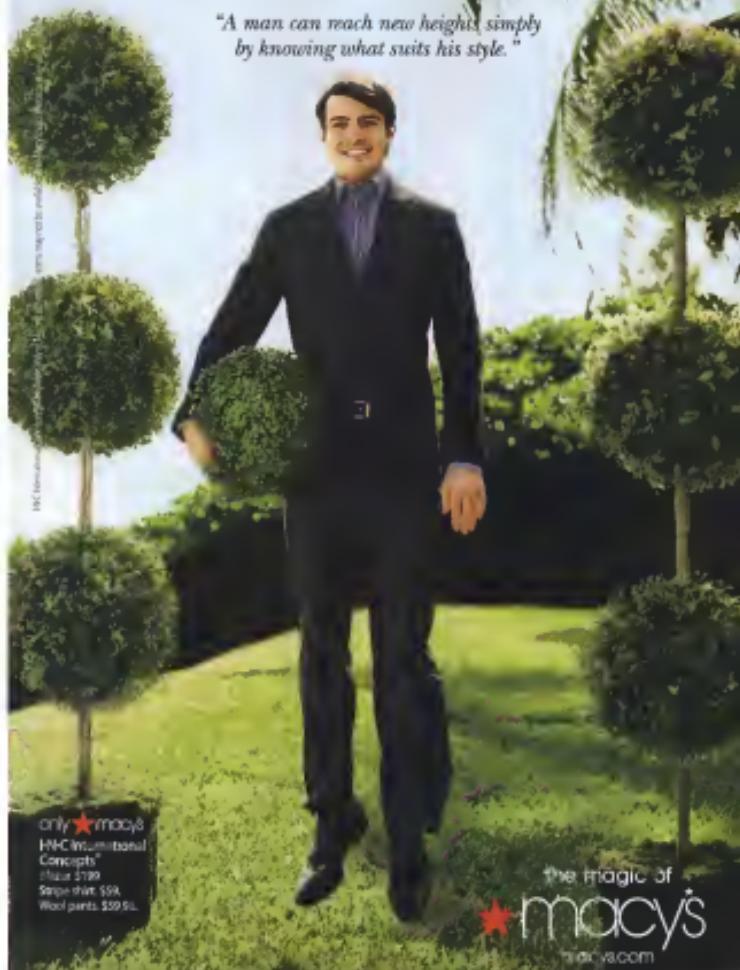
*I always repeat grammar rules that you will be doing in due time!

WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED SO FAR

- ! The prettiness of John Adams Underwood
- > The era of unfertilized oysters
- > Governmental
- > The availability of shorts
- > Underwood Underwood
- > The charms of higher
- ! Standard Discrepancy



"A man can reach new heights simply by knowing what suits his style."



only ★ macy's
HNC Insuribial Concepts™
shirt \$799
Sweat shirt \$59
Wool pants \$59.50

the magic of
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Man at His Best

A CELEBRATION
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THREE PULSES It's estimated that by mid-century the legendary singer Edith Piaf will be the last living icon of 1930s Delta Mountain life. It's been a struggle for Bootleggers fighting in the mountains to keep their artistry alive—whether it's for covering the blues or ranch and factory jazz—the legend has long since adopted it, too. Now, just as it did in any honky-tonk, blues, country, Delta blues, and Cajun dance hall, musicians throughout the region find themselves caught up in the blues, and that two-fold, bittersweet, sexual congerie, the彭字 (the Chinese single character) just swelling over them like the water.

The *an* blade does what you do, which, if you know what you're doing, is more →

YOU ARE BORN
AT IT

Consultant Python



88
Tough. Even if
you're flying
through a like
gravitational wave
it's better off than
being in a hole
and the forces in
any configuration



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Primary ear
dermatitis in child
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Primary ear
dermatitis in child
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111
BIBLIOGRAPHY

GROOMING

HOW TO TALK TO A BARBER

By Rodney Carter

No other professional gives you as much control over his work as the guy who cuts your hair. You couldn't convince a doctor to remove your appendix, but a barber? He'll do anything you want, including make you look ridiculous. So you have one of the three cuts men has to offer below. They're not different, but they're not doing anyone any favors, and each can be improved by changing what you ask for when you sit in the barber's chair. Nothing radical or earthshaking—just a few useful changes that make a big difference.

Rodney Carter is the owner of the Carter Barber in New York City and an *Esquire* contributor.

BLACK & WHITE



'Short all around and longer on the top, so I can part it on the side but have room for my hairline.'

SUPER DARK AND DRY



'Short all around and longer on the top but keep that part at least an inch inside the edge of my eye.'

'Just a trim buddy'



'Take off a little length and give me a lot of loose, disheveled layers.'



'A lot of texture with choppy short layers.'



'How would Nosferatu do it?'



Other Things to Ask Your Barber

How's the family? If you had my hair, what would it look like? If you had my hair, what should I have for dinner tonight? When's the last time you changed the Barbicide? A riddle—if you say my name, I disappear. What am I? Whatever happened to mousey? You promise that'll make women like me? Aren't sideburns supposed to be even? Tiki or Ronde? You mind if I read this magazine?

THE ENDORSEMENT Snake Oil

IT'S BEEN one of those options they discontinued when you were 12, until recently becoming popular again. It's like reclining post the age of 25 back.

They still make it, though. From

Besi APR (they've got Best APR) to the basic's latest endorsement—"Grandpa Approved by Mom & Grammy"—to the folks' instruction printed on an inset: "We don't know exactly how it works, after all, we don't know that it does." It's seems like the kind of stuff you'd have to visit a dentist boardroom hypnotherapy to procure. The common claim is it's good for your skin, but there are more than a dozen secondary

uses, from crystals to sealing water to increasing libido to memory-boosts. The oddball ingredient is fish oil.

But then do know who's making it: Besi APR. It's an unusual site—marketing, cosmetics, aromatherapy, art—each with its own unique properties and the like. In case you're curious, it's a combination of vitamins, minerals, proteins, healing oils, and essential oils.

As a massage, it loosens the knots, and it's also a pretty effective placebo. Just don't expect your hair to grow back. If you're thinking of getting it straight from your barber like a glue addict. And if you're willing to put this stuff inside your nose and ten year old armholes, that instead of warts, you probably doesn't have to shave.

—BENJ WALTERS

THE RULES

Hair No More! If it didn't leave you a headache, she bandwagons in stock would be a great way to carry your gear. And if you're gonna be the first person to ever say, "Helping drunk wife,"



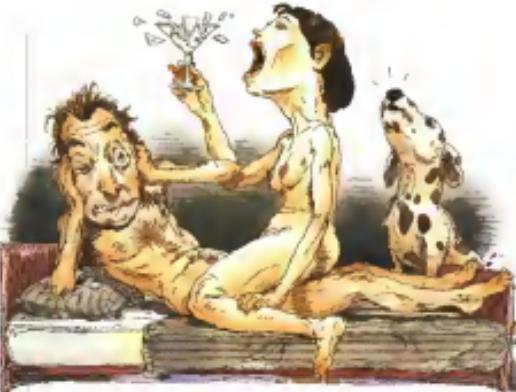
Looks can be deceiving. Or not.

Never has one color so exemplified every aspect of a Porsche. From its 295 hp engine and race-bred agility to the sleek matte stripes of the Porsche Design styling, it was made from the inside out to intimidate. And with production limited to just 777 worldwide, consider yourself lucky to even see one. Porsche. There is no substitute.

The Cayman S Design Edition 1.



PORSCHE



>Sex

By Stacey Gammie Woods

Why are women so much louder during sex? Is it biological or are they just doing it for the men's benefit?

Women are the greatest sexual inventors. The art of "love" and sensuous erotic intimacy has not, thus far, invaded the female body with any unusual amplification capability. Thus, I was surprised to learn that Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings shaped public attitudes toward women's sexual pleasure more than any other factor. And he had nonsexual mechanical tools! While a man's quiet dignity indeed is pleased from years of decent about what he is doing in his bathroom, all goddesses right now are shouting their sexual agendas like the animals. I mean, take Marshall Miller, star of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*. As a futuristic orgasmic guide, "You ever seen a female orgasm appear in a movie where the woman isn't laughing

the males ejaculated 50 percent of the time as opposed to less than 2 percent of the time when the females kept quiet. "The entire male erotic repertoire is based on the female's need to hear those things," he says.

The males ejaculated 50 percent of the time as opposed to less than 2 percent of the time when the females kept quiet. "The entire male erotic repertoire is based on the female's need to hear those things," he says.

He's got a point. Semen-ejaculating is thought to elevate the excitement for both genders. Harvard College author of *Ultimate Sex Guide: The Encyclopedia of Consciousness and Behavior*, Dr. Christiane Northrup, says, "I think that each of the people's sexual centers has a corresponding pleasure source or something."

"I've had orgasms just by reading smut," she elaborates, adding, "And with I've done some oral sex, and you can get aroused because a group of German scientists are on top of it." Her recent observations of a class of young Barbra Streisand fans revealed that when the females made noise during sex

she could minimize the chances of conception?

Using contraception—a word we get from the Latin *natura*, meaning "control," plays big in a man's conception strategy, according to the author of a new book, *How to Make Love Like a Pro*.

There are many reasons for contraception, but I'm blushing on all of them right now: It's 10:30 a.m., it's Friday, and you haven't asked me, no, *what's for dinner?* And you're still drooling over the *new* *BMW* you just bought. So, you can direct your cum to a nearby bar—on to bus service. In the meantime, I've taken the trouble to put some libido-inducing advice that you can simply implement as you see fit. So, to get pregnant, one should have

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INSTRUMENTS

Man at His Best Style 3



Gucci and the American Man

A GUIDE to LEATHER

André Balazs

wore the buck-
ers. So did Fred
Astaire and Shirley Temple. John
Wayne and Marlon Brando carried
the luggage, and Clark Gable, God
love him, had someone carry the
luggage for him. This car? We're
not sure who he is, but he's got the
bracelets. Gucci leather goods have
been a mainstay in American style
far longer than Styxmen, and the old
the ratios of the early days, they've
converged and harmonized.

Carey Lowell and Fred Thompson,
returning around the down state
they last appeared in what appeared
to be a pointy Gucci blazer and
carrying a pointy Gucci belt for it. The
walking bands of Fox News bared
like "The Great Comedian," and
you didn't mind a degree from
U.T. to see what they were up to.
He was cool. He was Hollywood.
He was even a little bit
playboyish, and they got off
that sort of bycatching.

Two button-down shirts (\$22,950) crafted
after (\$4,000) silk or (\$10,000) and
cotton (\$1,200) are \$2,950 each.
Leather belt (\$1,200) and
cashmere belt (\$1,200) by
Balenciaga. vintage collection

FRIDA GIANNINI'S RULES



The first thing I notice about a man are his shoes. Then I look at his watch.
The most iconic figures—Jean-Paul Belmondo, Steve McQueen, James Dean—
were all rebels. Without a strong personality, you can have the most beautiful
clothes in the world and you will never look right. Sexiness is a very subjective
thing. A man can be just as sexy in a buttoned-up suit as he can in jeans
and a T-shirt. I would love American men to embrace a narrower silhouette in
suits and coats. It's way more sexy for a man to wear closer-fitting clothes.



(SOUND MIND) x (SOUND BODY) + A HARD RAIN =
BAPTISM

G-STAR



asics

C the maker of his shoes

At one time or another, the brand has been synonymous with the disco set of '70s New York, and the preppy Wasps of the '80s. To carry or wear these today is to carry or wear more than 80 years of luxury and privilege, and that prompts the question: why are Americans now, much less ever running for president, would ever want to bear such a load?

We took a medium sampling among owners of Gucci loafers. Some say it's because they look good with pretty much everything. Others say it's because the place of the horse-bit buckle adds a flash of light to their ride. And then there are those whose top loafers are what Lauren and Adrienne Porter used to wear and that's not enough for them.

None of them is to say

that Gucci's place in American style is not unique. Thus Ford reinvigorated the company in the mid-'90s as the final major jet-set destination, and Prada Guccina is leading the trend into the future with a new Manhattan main store that's a lost statue to a Sun's Club; don't say luxury boutique Adrienne-Kate, Phenix Williams, and Orlando Bloom were just a handful of the passengers who helped usher in the return of spring. There was no sign of Fred Thompson.

IN THIS ISSUE: LEATHER

3

A GUIDE
TO LEATHER

SECONDARY SKINS

Four worthy alternatives to everyday leather



GOAT

Goat-skin jacket \$229.95 by Gucci at Neiman Marcus.

Natural habitat: The Middle East and Africa

Key characteristics: Softer and more supple than standard goat leather, goat-skin creates the ultimate in stretch and durability that makes the skin a preferred material for large luggage and even chameleons.

DRAGON

Dragon leather belt \$120 by Oscar de la Renta.

Natural habitat: Asia

Key characteristics: The lizard's pattern and high shine of "dragoneye" is as it is known dubbed by Oscar—it is the result of working their tails until it resembles lizard skin. Don't get it wet, don't scratch it up, and don't tell people that it comes from real live dragons.

3

CARRYING ON ■ They like to make their travel bags look like art.



TRICKED. TWEAKED. TUNED. THE NEW S2000 CLUB RACER.



Just don't look and you'll know you're dealing with an entirely new breed of S2000. Tighter suspension, quicker steering ratio, reduced weight and an aerodynamic body kit with removable hardtop. All developed with two goals in mind: maximizing the S2000's potential on the racetrack, and making sure you look good while you're crossing the finish line.

S2000 CR

HONDA

honda.com 1-800-33-Honda (In most areas. In some areas you'll always pay the local tax on the import.) ©2001 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

Why Does This Shoe Cost \$900?

The details that make for very expensive kicks

3

(1) THE GRIND: The eight-week process of hand-cutting a pair of leather shoes begins with the last-maker. This guy—and it's almost always a guy—is trained for decades and can optimize the balance between form and fit.

(2) THE LEATHER: Chopper shoes are made from scuffed-up hides that have been treated. Jeff Wilson uses only vegetable-tanned leather. The shoe is larger and more supple because of it.

(3) THE STITCHING: Chopper sews together one sheet's leather pieces using both machine and hand sewing, resulting in a construction that lasts longer than anything mass-produced.

(4) THE LINING: Inexpensive shoes don't have things like heel liners, but these guys cultivate their own life on your foot.

(5) THE ROLL: This is the final coat that cements into memory leather that forms a supportive base for the last.

Leather shoes (\$895)
by J.M. Weston



A FEW FINAL THOUGHTS ON LEATHER

It always looks better polished. Leave the wearing of leather parts to our good friends in Menudo. "You're with me, leather," even when said in jest, isn't as funny as you think it is. The dossier the animal the more expensive the leather. Shoes, shine once a week. Leather jackets, condition once a year. Everything else as needed. Animal rights advocates are the angriest protesters. "Leather," "Naugahyde," and "faux leather" no. Avoid Web sites and publications that showcase leather. Except this one.

The Process: Shoe Refurbishment

THREE OF ALL the shoes you've worn to death. Thrashed in pairs of jeans from your college graduation. Those shiny ones that had to be shined every day. The memory: those days that carried you through three promotions. At P.F. the lot of them and you've got their blood on your hands. And the worst part: you've never paid your dues—paid the money you spent to replace, shamed by finding a good refurbisher.

Took this pair off Abel-Edwards' refined leather tips. They cost over \$1,000. He's on an Esquire editor's list and given an exclusive by Alan Elkowitz's in-house refurbishing team. For a fee of about \$300 they added several coats of waxing, foot beds and soles, and a new non-slip sole. Most reputable shoemakers now offer express delivery services, and while they're not always reliable wonders—if you leave a cracked seam out of the store, it's really like what a cold beer makes it look toward new again.



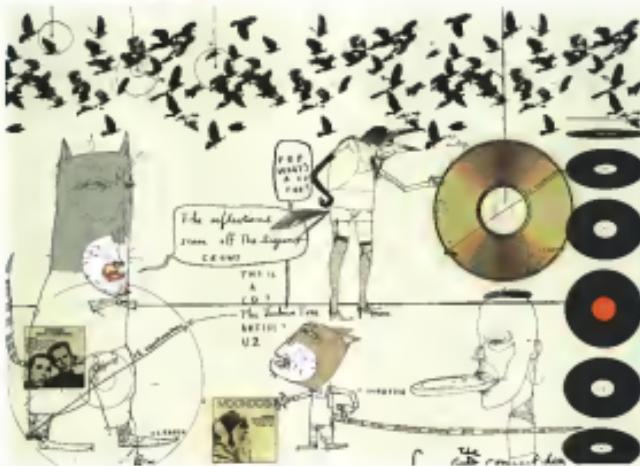
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This is how it should feel.

WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS



Anyone Seen My \$4.2 Billion?

THERE'S A LOT OF MONEY OUT THERE IN THE ECONOMY THAT PEOPLE USED TO SPEND ON CDs. THE QUESTION IS, WHERE, EXACTLY, DID IT GO?

Even if you know nothing about the music industry, you probably know that People don't buy albums anymore. Everyone is aware of this, mostly because this phenomenon is reported on constantly. The smash hit *The High Road* (Mars) was considered a commercial success by selling 2.9 million units in all of 2007, never a year before, Britney Spears was able to sell 1.3 million copies of *Deja Vu*. *I Did It Again* in a single week. That disparity should be shocking, but it isn't—by now, anyone who (even vaguely) follows the music industry is inundated with similarly grim statistics all the time. Interestingly, these stories tend to make music fans happy. People have corporate record labels and less reading about how the industry is failing. At each, the media coverage of plummeting album sales almost always focuses on how labels are losing money but this coverage usually ignores an economic element that is less tangible but more interesting: What is happening to all the money not being spent on music?

In 1998, the total revenue from all music sales (albums and singles) was \$14.2 billion. By 2006, it was barely more than \$10 billion, excluding downloads. While consider-

ing that staggering difference, assume the following suppositions are true:

- The music buying population in 1998 wasn't that different from the music-buying population in 2006. Some people stopped buying music and some younger people started, but the overall demographic base is mostly identical in size and scope.

- The quality of the music produced in those respective years was not significantly different. In other words, no one is going to argue that older songs went down because the music got worse; the public's interest in sound is static.

- The price of music in stores stayed roughly the same.

This being the case, it would seem there are two elementary reasons why the decline in revenue happened: a) illegal file-sharing; and b) heightened consumer selectivity. File-sharing has been written about extensively, so there is no need to rehash it here. The term "heightened consumer selectivity" is really just a rechristening of iTunes—if someone is obsessed with the song "I Love You" but has

Dear Ketel One Drinker
One thousand words.

Photo by Alan Light. Illustration by Chuck Klosterman. Ketel One® vodka is a registered trademark of Heublein, Inc.



more interest in the first earnings, he can require the singer for carry-over non-interest of blocking stream dollars on a full album he'll never play twice. But here's where the math gets less clear and more instructive: These funds don't involve everyone. Your grandmother is not using *DishWire*. The 2.6 million people who love the Eagles are still going to Wal-Mart to buy the physical CD. In practice, it's only a select class of computer-savvy consumers who are making that盗版 revenue shift happen—almost exclusively music fans under the age of forty who also buy a few albums every other Tuesday (which now buy vinyl more over the course of an entire year). That specific sub-class was the collective beneficiary of the aforementioned \$4.2 billion difference. From 2006, that number represents money they would have spent on music in 1999, but were able to save \$3 million. Where did all that money go?

When the Associated Press (dare I say) (continued) more about How the Music Industry Is Dying this past January, it failed to answer my question with one sentence: "The recording industry has experienced declines in CD album sales for years, in part because of the rise of online file sharing, but also because consumers have spent more of their leisure dollars on other entertainment, like DVDs and video games." That's a rational explanation supported by the precipitous (andemic) rise in both shows. (Video-game revenue has more than doubled since 2004, and DVD sales grew from \$12.5 billion in 2004 to \$18.6 billion last year.) The only problem is that CDs, DVDs, and video games are physically finite, and they're sold in the same outlets, so the improvements they offer aren't logically connected. I don't see why not having to pay for a band of musicians would make a person any more likely to buy a copy of *Knocked Up*, as opposed to buying a pair of jeans or a pair of sunglasses or a nard. I don't think young people spend more in their "leisure" budget that explicitly. What seems more likely is that this extra \$4 billion—now quickly distributed among all the music fans who didn't pay for music in 2006—entered the average household in less discrete ways. And while I'll never know exactly what all those houses disappeared, my specific theory is this: A lot of the money was spent on music in the way we first came to be brought up: paying off credit cards before ever considering the wants of other users, not paying for it. It's dangerous today to forget people's lifetime balance sheet if you're for losing labels, College, and the future. So when they were based on 1995.

During the early aughts, it was difficult for college kids to get credit cards, at the time, parents needed to be co-signers. But when that policy changed in the early nineties, it instantly became effortless for any self-respecting student to get a credit card. Subsequently, the percentage of young adults (ages eighteen to thirty-four) with credit card debt increased 8.6 percent from 1998 through 2004, but after 2006 started to decrease by 2009. It was lower than it was in 1999. Now, there are myriad reasons why this happened, but there is one reason above all: Napster—and the entire file-sharing craze, launched in 1999. It seems entirely plausible that the money college students used to be using on MP3 players (a critical role in paying down whatever they ovarian Visa cards they never

ARE YOU STRONGER THAN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD?

As a *Washington Post* critic

of both children and a segment of the adult population, the use of file sharing has increased. With sites that calculate how many five-year-olds total could theoretically exist in a street near Sandy, that's not the case. Despite the fact that I'm not a kid, I use a lot of files in www.freeserv.net/free. *Vashti Cochran*: *TellMeATruth.com*, a creation of her identical twin sister.

After pumping my personal data into my self-styled light-up phallic projector (the site's prompt), I was informed that I could email about ten average-sized files to a friend, or a maximum of one each file, plus one in an enclosed box (self-evident), and we all live happily ever after. Now granted, this little site makes me feel like a pedophile. However, I like this site better than others, because it's the "average" five-year-old. Would those points be the same if it were the average five-year-old of the world? The "I'd kill my brother" bit? What if these five-year-olds like all these fat, hyper-enthusiastic nerds? I see youth soccer. Bedtime stories. Action figures. All the things that make me cringe in the three little girls that manufacture. Unless I've been really shiny, what kind of five-year-old would be the least bit interested in the sexiest man on the planet, the son of a cardiologist, the CEO of the site? I'm sorry, *HowManyFiveYearOldsCouldBeYourSexualIdeal.com*.

People didn't stop buying albums because they're philosophically opposed to how the rock business operated, and they didn't stop buying albums because the Internet is changing the relationship between capitalism and art. People stopped buying albums because they wanted the fucking money (I'm开玩笑的, but it's not an

should I have applied for to the firehouse. I suspect that if Shawn Fanning had presented a safe, socially acceptable way to electronically shoplift from Target in 1997, people would have jumped on that bandwagon instead.

However, without trying to explain the collapse of the music industry, they inexplicably blame the label/corporation, they point out how wonderful and efficient the corporate structure was at placing Elektra and Cher in ha, and how unfair it is to charge kids so much money for what that costs per se to make, and then insist on consumer classism and the realization that "music belongs to be free." This may all be true, but I can sure as hell visualize exploitation for things like huge legal offices like *Def Jam*. Look elsewhere if you need a story being poorly modeled. What happened is that young people needed more money to pay for their rising levels of self-expression, but, as their income was growing toward the first technology that provided a cost-saving alternative (because four-cent digital songs files are relatively small) (but that's only coincidentally), rip-off tracks for free became the easiest way to eliminate a cumbersome cost. It wasn't political or countercultural, and it had almost nothing to do with music itself. It was basically practical. It was the first, best solution.

People didn't stop buying albums because they're philosophically opposed to how the rock business operated, and they didn't stop buying albums because the Internet is changing the relationship between capitalism and art. People stopped buying albums because they wanted the fucking money (I'm开玩笑的, but it's not an



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Three reasons I'm *Revved Up* about Viagra.

* It's America's most prescribed treatment for men with erectile dysfunction.

* I can get and keep firmer erections.

* It helps me enjoy a more satisfying sexual experience with my partner.

Find your own reasons [at viagra.com](http://viagra.com).

VIAGRA is prescribed to treat erectile dysfunction. We know that no medicine is for everyone. If you use certain drugs, often used for chest pain (known as nitrates), don't take VIAGRA. Taking these drugs together could cause your blood pressure to drop to an unsafe level. Talk with your doctor first. Make sure your heart is healthy enough to have sex. If you have chest pain, nausea, or other discomforts during sex, seek medical help right away.

Although erections lasting more than four hours may occur rarely with all ED treatments in this drug class, to avoid long-term injuries, it is important to seek immediate medical help.

In rare instances, men taking PDE5 inhibitors (oral erectile dysfunction medicines, including VIAGRA) reported a sudden decrease or loss of vision, or sudden decrease or loss of hearing. It is not possible to determine whether these events are related directly to their medicines or to other factors. If you experience any of these symptoms, stop taking PDE5 inhibitors, including VIAGRA, and call a doctor right away.

The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. Less common are bluish or blurred vision, or being sensitive to light. These may occur for a brief time.

Remember to protect yourself and your partner from sexually transmitted diseases.

Please see Important Facts for VIAGRA on the following page or visit viagra.com for full prescribing information. For more information, including questions to ask your doctor, call 1-888-VIAGRA (1-888-484-2472).

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.FDA.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

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IMPORTANT FACTS

VIAGRA (sildenafil citrate) tabs

(yo-AH-ruh)

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION ABOUT VIAGRA

Never take VIAGRA if you take any medicines, with or without a prescription. This includes Viagra. Your blood pressure could drop quickly. It could lead to a stroke or life-threatening heart attack.

ABOUT ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION (ED)

Erectile dysfunction causes a man's penis not to get or keep an erection. Health problems, injury, or side effects of drugs may cause ED. The cause may not be known.

ABOUT VIAGRA

VIAGRA is used to treat ED in men. When you want to have sex, VIAGRA can help you get and keep an erection when you are sexually excited. You cannot get an erection just by taking the pill. Only your doctor can prescribe VIAGRA.

VIAGRA does not cure ED.

VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from STDs (sexually transmitted diseases) or HIV. You will still need to use a condom. VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

WHO IS VIAGRA FOR?

Who should take VIAGRA?

Men who have ED and whose heart is healthy enough for sex. Who should NOT take VIAGRA?

- If you ever had medicines with nitrates:
 - Medicines that treat chest pain (angina), work in nitroglycerine or nitrates (nitroglycerine or nitrate)
 - If you eat some street drugs, such as "peppers" (peppermint or nitrate)
 - If you are allergic to anything in the VIAGRA tablet.

BEFORE YOU START VIAGRA

Tell your doctor if you have or ever had:

- Heart attack, abnormal heartbeats, or stroke
- Heart problems, such as heart failure, chest pain, or valve narrowing
- Low or high blood pressure
- Severe vision loss
- An eye condition called macular degeneration
- Kidney or liver problems
- Blood problems such as sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- A formed penis, Peyronie's disease, or an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- Stomach ulcers or any kind of bleeding problems

Tell your doctor about all your medicines. Include over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal products. Tell your doctor if you take or use:

- Medicines called alpha-blockers to treat high blood pressure or prostate problems. Your blood pressure could suddenly get too low. You could pass out or faint. Your doctor may stop you on a lower dose of VIAGRA.
- Medicines called potassium-sparing diuretics for HFV. Your doctor may prescribe >25 mg/day. Your doctor may limit VIAGRA to 25 mg at a 48-hour period
- Other medicines to cause erection. These include pills, injections, implants, or pumps

POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF VIAGRA

Side effects are mostly mild to moderate. They usually go away after a few hours. Some of these are more likely to happen with higher doses.

The most common side effects are:

- Migraine • Feeling flushed • Upset stomach
- Headache • Blue and green spots or seeing a blue halo on things
- Eyes being more sensitive to light • Blurred vision

Rarely, a small number of men taking VIAGRA have reported these serious events:

- Having an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If the erection is not treated right away, long-term loss of potency could occur
- Sudden decrease or loss of sight in one or both eyes. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA, and we do not know if they are more likely to happen with VIAGRA. These events like high blood pressure or diabetes. If you have sudden vision changes, stop using VIAGRA and tell your doctor like it. Call your doctor right away
- Sudden decrease or loss of hearing. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medicines like it caused by other factors. If you have sudden hearing changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medicines like it. Call your doctor right away
- Heart attack, stroke, irregular heartbeat, and death. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA, or caused by other factors. Most of these happened in men who already had heart problems

If you have any of these problems, stop VIAGRA. Call your doctor right away.

HOW TO TAKE VIAGRA

Do:

- Take VIAGRA only the way your doctor tells you. VIAGRA comes in 25 mg, 50 mg, and 100 mg tablets. Your doctor will tell you how much to take.
- If you are over 65 or have certain liver or kidney problems, your doctor may want you to the lowest dose (25 mg).
- Take VIAGRA about 1 hour before you want to have sex. VIAGRA starts to work in about 30 minutes when you are sexually excited. VIAGRA lasts up to 4 hours.

Don't:

- Do not take VIAGRA more than once a day.
- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor tells you. If you think you need more VIAGRA, talk with your doctor.
- Do not start or stop any other medicines before checking with your doctor.

NEED MORE INFORMATION?

- This is only a summary of important information. Ask your doctor or pharmacist for complete product information G-2.
- Go to www.viagrapills.com or call (800)-34-VIAGRA (343-4724).

Unsolicited Email: Help prevent the Viagra imitation! Please fax programs that can help. Call 1-866-794-2409 or visit www.viagrapillscamers.com.

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SEVENTY FIVE YEARS OF SPONSORED
HISTORY-IN ONE EAST PAGE
TWO MONTHS

War

From Hemingway and Dos Passos on Spain to Michael Herr and John Sack on Vietnam to Colby Buzzell and Brian Mckenna on Iraq, the history of Esquire has been in part the history of war in our time.

DECEMBER 1936: WORLD WAR I



There we were those
wallowing men, Anderson,
spying on us like a sparrow. But
as to what had occurred—
nothing in that hand-
script I had just to tell back upon the
formula is the Will of God. Nothing
else would take it in.

"A Man and the Mind," by Fred Mullen Ford,
selections 1936, previously unpublished

AUGUST 1966: VIETNAM

And most of what you saw was death.
In boats, trucks, planes, tanks, planes
pedaling or quick looks from a aircraft
flying low over, hearing the terrible roar
of thousand shells against the debris
around you, training to the intense real
in you who didn't know. "Oh my God! Oh
Shit!" Scream, Oh my God! Oh my God!
and who would instead. You're already
out that I know, are you ready for that?"

Phil Steele, "By Michael Herr"



APRIL 1941:
WORLD WAR II

The group of 100,000
sent by Britain to
the Far East in April 1941, the
crossroads on the route of
a 600-bomber mission
in England, she got a
name—the Memphis
Belle—and 25 million
over Europe later a
Hollywood icon.

OCTOBER 1966: VIETNAM



"Stop burning these houses!"
Screams cried to his explosions.
"There is no VC in those houses!"
The captives told the Americans,
don't burn these houses—if
there's no VC in there—the Russians
told their sergeants, if
you burn these houses the
battle is VC in there—the ser-
geants told them instead. You're already
out that I know, are you ready for that?"

Phil Steele, "By Michael Herr"

APRIL 2006:
THE IRAN WAR

"You guys are new
here, and people
are going to give
you all kinds of
advice, and the best
advice I can give you
is: If you're somebody
who knows
and is getting out
is... get the fuck out!"

"The Making of the Torture
Pain-Capsey Miller
(Part 2)," by Colby Buzzell



Writer John Sack, left, with a U.S. soldier in Vietnam

DECEMBER 1999:
FIRST AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

The people are starving, but the dogs
aren't put on weight.
"The Civil War in Hell," by Dennis Johnson



JUNE 2003:
PERSEPOLIS

Persian Confidantes. Persian
military Deployments, poets
and strategists. Languages of
Victory. Letters to the
rest of us and Letters to
the rest of us. Whether from
palms and platforms, from
newspapers and Hollywood
and in the whole shade
twaddle are no names of
honesty to a ton of hyperbol-
ing, nor names of reality to
a gallon of nonrealism,
nor one iota in the
sustaining
solidness to practice;
we cannot war and war
and we
endure the loss of war
from the bottom all over.

"When My Love Was..."
by Elizabeth F. Roberts

10 Things

YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN



By Leslie Mann

1. We are not complicated. We just don't want to have sex.
2. The concept of premenstrual syndrome was invented by a woman in Iowa who was trying to come up with a way to catch her husband that forbade without repercussions. Now we all benefit.
3. Women do not like CDs of live music. We only like the original recordings, in song sources different from the version we fell in love with, then it's a废品.
4. That one may be just me.
5. When we tell you how our looks look in particular part of place, you should always be brutally honest and completely positive at the same time. How you accomplish this is up to you.
6. We're really into self-help books, but if you repeat something we once quoted back to us during an argument, well, use that book to scoop on your eyeball.
7. We can tell how good you fit the bill by how good you look on the dance floor. This isn't an invitation to grind your buns into our asses—we're looking more for mirrors, especially after we've been.
8. Women love hairy men. Cavemen were the sexiest men in history.
9. Skin tags, those wrinkles of skin that form under the eyes, are also attractive. It means the man is comfortable with aging and lives in the truth of his own wisdom.
10. My husband won a couple of these. Can you guess which ones?

Leslie Mann stars opposite Chevy Chase in this month's *Dinner With the Ex*. Again.

ZIG.



ZAG.



ZUG.



MINIUSA.COM

ZUG [züg] adjective, verb, noun.

1. To be unlike others.
2. To do something different.
3. A place in Switzerland.



MINI CLUBMAN. THE OTHER MINI.

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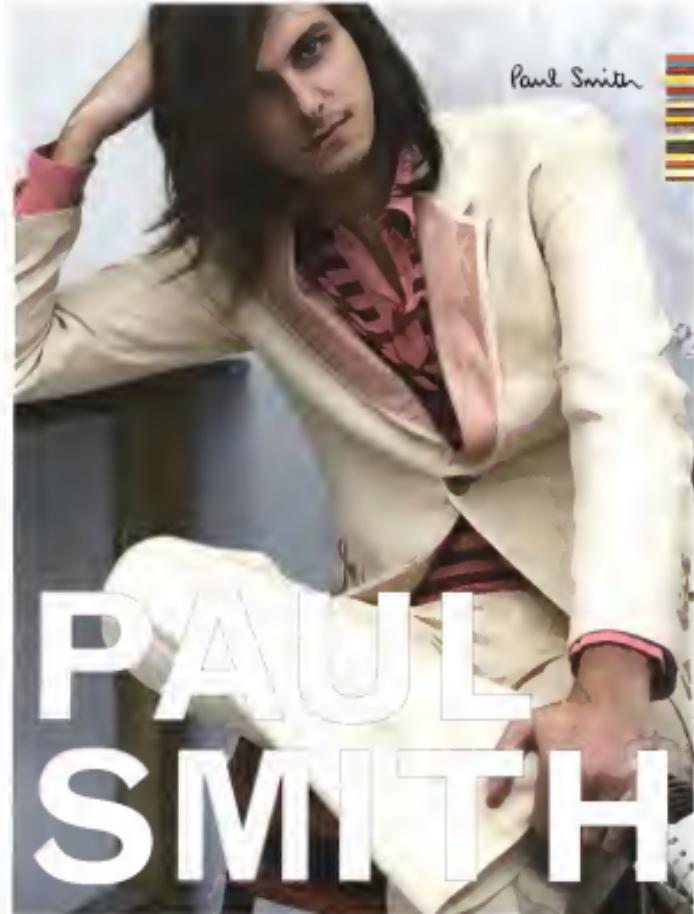


WE HAVE
A VERY STRONG
IDEA
ABOUT HOW TO MANAGE
REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.
AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT,
**WE HAVE
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BREITLING for BENTLEY



Look at Me! I'm a Big Strong Boy!

BY CRAIG DAVIDSON

STEROIDS MAKE YOU BIG AND STRONG AND THROW A BALL LIKE ROGER CLEMENS. DO YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE HAPPENS? A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT FROM A MAN WHO WILL NEVER DO IT AGAIN.

The needles—it doesn't even gash, one end a half-inch. A big stunner. Forty of them arrived in a package from Greece. Ever received a package from overseas? You get that pull of whatever's open—or there's traveled the snout of India. Forays, like steppin' across a stranger's house. The syringe wrappin' has instructions in Italian, French, Greek, and Arabic—not a word of English. But it's a needle. Operation is

self-explanatory. I had put them out on my desk a few days ago—an unanswerable fact. An invitation. A threat.

Break up, Judd! Fortune favors the brave.

What inside resembles only plus 1 cc of Equipoise, a necessary drug injected into horses, and 2 cc's testosterone cypionate, ten times the testosterone as average man my test naturally produces in a week.

It was going into my ass, plenty of meat there. But the sciatic nerve radiates from my hip, and if I just shot the junk into a vein, I could go into cardiac collapse. I snaked a big bag of frozen ice beneath my underwear to numb the injection site. The bushy mink on the sprays were insulated away by my rayon briefs. That couldn't be a sign of quality medical equipment, could it?

What if I died in this shabby efficiency apartment in Iowa City? I pictured the landlord standing upon my body, rotting and bloated. The newspaper headline: DEADLY DANDRUFF FOUND REAR WITH NEEDLE IN ASS.

The needle did its job nicely. I wasn't aware it'd broken the skin. I aspirated and injected until the deep tissue. When I pulled it out, a pressurized stream of blood spattered halfway across the room.

A white book I wrote is next. A lot of first-time novelists don't steer far from home, their stories set down from their lives. Hilda true for me. The main character... well, me. That's quite true after needles, pumped-up, more-dramatic. But his deep-set eyes, his horned whiskers—those we share intimately.

My character goes down dark roads. For the sake of the book, I thought I'd travel those roads with him.

He begins to work out obsessively. He goes to work out obsessively.

He joins a boxing club. I joined a boxing club.

He takes steroids. I took steroids.

The thing is, I've never done drugs. I never locked the safe to keep the dealer in a room. Such wanton quandry when it comes to steroids. Where to buy? Who to sell? In board-room briefs you was a good place, but I didn't have the fast clue how to go about that. So I typed "needle" into Google, which helped me introduce me to an Internet store I purchased a bottle of



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what I thought was a steroid called Dianabol, but what I received was Dianabol, which, after I know, were probably presented off form. Different is the name—steroids.

"I'll try to go into great detail about how I came to possess and introduce—or "gear," as we traders call them—the whole thing makes one so angry as it was. I didn't do it to say the process involved an especially...bold success, a money-order transfer between cultures and cultures of apprehension—Had I been ripped off? Would DEA agents break down my door?—before the package arrived, pilfered ampules and sachets wrapped in X-ray-proof paper.

Anabolic steroids (not U.S. gyms) is the entry 1868, courtesy of John Ziegler, the American oilman doctor at the 1954 World Weightlifting Championships in Austria. He watched in horror as his countrymen were decimated by Soviet bloc men who, he later found out, received testosterone injections as part of their regimen. Ziegler teamed up with a pharmaceutical firm to create the synthetic testosterone Medrostanolone, better known by its trade name, Dianabol.

The biological function of anabolic (tissue-building) steroids is to stimulate protein synthesis—that is, build muscles more quickly and effectively. New muscle is imposed by tearing the tubule fibers running the length of your muscle; protein molecules attach to the broken chains, creating new muscle. Within seconds, your muscle fibers become greedy, seeking out every stray protein molecule.

I had a conscious plan that being "anabolic" involved the ingestion or injection of a male substance that was quickly dispelled. Many steroids on their own are either singular or purpose or not terribly effective. This is where "stacking" comes in. You can put an anas (25 mg of testosterone), profile male hormones (50 mg of testosterol), and keep water retention (so diuretics (80 mg of Furosemide). This stack is injection-incentive, customized and euphoric twice weekly. Waited only. Eleven injections a week.

But that's only steroids. You need drugs to saw off all the potential side effects: hair loss, gynecomastia (building of breast tissue due to increased estrogen), virilization (male breasts), testicular shrinkage, and prostate swelling, erectile dysfunction, liver tumors, hemangiomas, impotence, cystic acne, abscesses, renal failure. Hair loss, gyno, and testicular shrinkage should be treated elsewhere other than potential hair loss. You should pursue alter your body's chemical makeup drastically without your body noticing. My own secret cycle:

- Dianabol (20 mg tabs, three per day for the first four weeks)
- Testosterone cypionate (100 mg per week, ten weeks)
- Equipoise (400 mg per week, ten weeks)



The cycle begins. In an attempt to add realism to his novel *The Fighter*, about amateur boxers, the author starts his own steroid cycle.

hot air drugs, a bodybuilder's health is up. They may inject up to 2,000 mg of testosterone weekly to produce the desired effect.

The first week of the cycle, my zipper starts to itch. Onset of gynecomastia.

Deep enough testosterone builds up your body, your testes in particular by raising its estrogen output. This leads to a gain of heat in the body. After long-term use, it can get solved, sometimes requiring surgical breast reduction. I wake up in the morning and usually had a hump attack at the sight of myself. My nipples were the size of small dollars; they'd bulge around the skin of a balloon. My flesh looked soft with were swelling small pustules, like the ruptured apples on a baby's body.

I appeared to have breast tenderness, swollen, breast. Or was just chubby and still eat a sandwich didn't know. Give them a sugar. Or didn't feel if it was fluid buildup accumulation. Could you grow new flesh overnight? Maybe. Once had been there before. Back when I wasn't managing every inch of my body. Either way, I didn't want this. That would go against the whole purpose of the exercise. I grabbed a nice cold cloth of refrigerated vegetables and pulled a chilled underpants over my waist (winter pajamas).

Double doses of Sudafed would control the gyno, but by then my hair was falling out.

Two or so with my natural scalp of anatomy bushy hair red hair. While I'd never been known to develop nose into nostrils, there had always been plenty of it. Then one evening I was showering, looking at my skin pale-faced fingers, and spotted dust as of red strands soon they were everywhere, my pillow, between my needs, falling onto the pages of a book. I became hyperaware of the way wind felt through my hair: new mesh colder on the top of my scalp. Not a single follicle seemed rooted in my skin.

Then one sleepless night (the steroids had triggered insomnia), my nostrils shrunk.

Testicular shrink is the most well-known side effect of steroid abuse. It's an interesting irony: Here you're trying to turn yourself from an libertine while the most obvious and instant of your masculinized abilities before your eyes. Testicles users offer the opposite reaction. These

it felt as though the pipe connecting the sperm factory to its exit had been clogged—not cracked or cut, and the little test did look a bit embarrassed.

The long, I discovered, was constant application.

I became obsessed with muscle toner. Three or four times a day I was intensely reflexing myself. With all that反射, I was too tired to cook the meat for dinner. I was referring myself to photos of muscle-based women, grunting lots of protein powder. I was referencing myself to Vienna Weiss. I believed myself a performed man ripped from a magazine. To answer! Wake up, eat, jerk till work out, eat, jerk off, eat, work out, eat, jerk off, eat, sleep.

The question you're asking by this point is, Why didn't he stop? Why, despite all the awful side effects, did he keep plugging away into himself?

I can say my answer is a combination from most sources:

Once we pass that period of massive physical change, puberty and growth spurts, we settle into a sense of our bodies. We understand its potential and capabilities. And though it's disconcerting to me at thirty I was finding evidence of a body on its downspike. While I wanted our plucky guy-on-a-grade, I hadn't made a sensible gain plan. In gym parlance, I'd "stressed."

Stressors shattered the inherent limitations of my body.

I first sensed their effect bench-pressing dumbbells. I usually max out at 170 pounds—over 180-pound weight. But one rep with that 170 felt like a warm-up. I was stunned. With reparation—I was now trying weights that my biceps could break some ribs—I jerked up the 180-pounds. They went up easy. I grabbed our ten reps. An out-of-body sensation somebody else's arms pulling those free weights, some other's parental lineage.

I went up to 300 pounds—bucking roughly my own body-weight. I'd been locked at 180 to 170 pounds for years, and to the course of a single workout, I'd shrapnel 120 pounds.

My weaker-at-weight slackered. I was doing wide-grip—one-up—with a 15-pound plate strapped to my wrist, slow-lid-pressing 75-pound dumbbells, slapping 45-pound plates on the bumper bar, and bottoming our Nautilus machine. My body exploded—120 pounds to 220 in the space of a few weeks. In "moder" vernacular, I'd "maxed-out the sit-ups."

I became a bullet—a greater, more intense Apache who fragged gyanikarveshous guys who make a godly motion while hurling weight around. I'd always found their displays childlike and tended to look away, as if I would from a toddler holding a matress in a supermarket. So imagine my surprise to find myself the following shrinking, growing. A silverback gorilla flexing his bulging read—everyone to know I was the biggest, toughest motherfucker in the joint,

"Haaaa—ahhhh!"

"Zzzzzzz—yaaaa!"

"Mm-mm-mm—ohhh!"

Look at me! I'm a big, strong boy!

It was everywhere. I should have known better—actually I did know better but didn't listen to me. Those "pump" clouded all judgment. My glance at the gym mirror was a total flattulation; "in that suit?" double takes that caused rats looks of growing suspicion. It noticed how highlighted upon my chest and arms, the posture of the shadow filling up new contours.

All that. Chemical insanity. Testicles. I hadn't earned it. But it's like the weapon with gunpowder losses. Everyone knows they're fake, but dammit if they don't still draw the looks.



Back to normal except for the probably irreversible thick, the enlarged prostate, the balding head, the backache, a resurgence of other things.

Then one fateful day my big brother discovered I'd developed an abscess. I had a pouch of weird-old oil inside my hip, walled off by my immune system. If I was lucky, it was sterile. If not, it was infected, the surrounding tissue gone to waste.

I decided to drain it by injecting an empty syringe to draw out the stink oil. My hope was that it was all liquid; if it was congealed, gone to hard, I'd need medical attention.

The needle went into the pocket of infected tissue. The pain was expected and oddly bearable. Drawing back the plunger only earned me a fine droop of clear blood. I disconnected the syringe and left the needle jutting out, applying pressure to the surrounding skin. Blackish fluid the consistency of custard had dropped out. Disgusting and scary, but the pain was natural. Once I'd aquainted it out, I flicked on the revenue with sterile water, attached two to the needle still stuck in my skin, repeated it, unclipped the syringe, and spaced the water out.

A decent job for an uninsured man—all the likes of myself. Did the trick. A week later, I could comfortably sleep on my hips.

Week twelve: I lose out at 240 pounds, packed an 80 pounds in less than three months

My body had gone through an intense though unappreciated. Tensed muscles sold skin of meat hanging off my cavities. Lata-tum-dum muscles flared out from the midsection my back—the "tobacco hood." Triceps and biceps so swollen, my bicep sleeves bunched up my shoulders, one narrow fit over my arms.

Couldn't walk more than a few blocks before a fat-sandstone settled upon my lower back. There were areas I could not reach due to my new size, so scratch my back, I went to the lathe for a fork.

One night I was writing legal drama, one of those ripped-from-the-headlines stories. A moribund old man was using a simple oil company, which he had approached for his obesity. Thematics ingredients there included was high-fructose corn syrup, a compound that stimulates the hormone leptin, which signals to the brain that the stomach is full. Essentially, leptin tells us to stop eating. But if this

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signal is never received, a person will eat past the point of reason or safety.

Steroids are like high-fructose corn syrup. They fool a body into a sense that it's stronger and more resilient than it is. You accomplish this in your bones and mind you know are beyond you, but you feel good, so down strong, you consume yourself otherwise. After the weight-loss euphoria wears off, you're forced to acknowledge the effects of self-delusion. My joints felt hyperextended; constantly popping and cracking, sores like bug bites in a comment mirror. I felt fatigued, hardened, and frighteningly old.

Within a month after my epope ends, everything has changed.

The first thing I notice upon a walk through doors is that I feel...well, good. No sluggishness, only minor joint pain. Genuinely refreshed. Then, as my way to the bathroom one morning, I sense a new weight between my legs—my testicles! Great to have you back, boy!

The feeling of elation, however, passes. My bed to the bathroom mirror.

I'm standing at a bathroom doorway. Where are my jeans? I see two shriveled bugs hanging off my chest. Arises—dear Lord, my arse! Shapely shoulders drooping from a pair of rotten-apple shoulders. Stomach a deflated clown balloon. Legs beginning to a come apart.

Step on the scale: 223 pounds. Thirteen pounds, most of it fluid, shed virtually overnight.

Now only the most deluded of 223-pound men—cavemen into a mirror and see themselves having started back. But I'd lost most of what I'd gained: wasted soap. Images without horsepower. Weak and broken and surely human. All the wrinkles, the pins of pregnant women running through my veins, the festering sores and disfigurements, the muscle knots and beach ribs and shriveling gonads and the hair in my food and scars of abrasions and even more hair—every milliliter I take, all that sweat cast out for lack of air.

Things worsened at the gym. Clean day dumbbell press. I carried on the theme, if I could lift them, it'd be a ten-pound increase over my previous max.

I barely got them off my chest. I struggled through a single rep, semi-quaking, and hot failure. The dumbbell is crushed down as I rolled it lower and off the bench. A total fraud. Anyone who'd been watching have meant weight about, believing like a sinner in yet—all those knowing eyes see me as a cheater.

I left my tank, scoured my apartment, the tank, the protein powder—trash-canmed all of it. Next up: a thousand large grams, peppermint and double cheese, rolled down with gulps from a two-liter bottle of Pepsi. I pressed to get fat and disgusting. The natural part of my ass won't, You did the research. You know this would happen. Not the entire part—the part most closely tied to my body, the part now used to the weight room glasses and the more defined, butchered my shadow, the part that refuted people calling come on narrow shoulders—was not to be contested.

I went to the doctor's office. I felt much better with the cycle over, but I utilized fixed-sizes and pants. The results...

A partially berated doc. The result of either bad posture or an accumulation of pressure due to excess body weight. A diagnostic visit was scheduled.

An enlarged prostate. It was prostate Andromed, which had wandered.

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An enlarged prostate. It was prostate Andromed, which had wandered.

MY ARMS, SHAPELESS SHOESTRINGS DANGLING FROM ROTTEN-APPLE SHOULDERS, LEGS BELONGING TO A COMA VICTIM. THIRTEEN POUNDS SHED VIRTUALLY OVERNIGHT.

Had it been worth? Sure we have done the line. Had I been off the hook. My grandfather, father, uncles, sons of grandfathers past—they didn't last the first year I did. Their lives were poverty, work, factory floors until fields. They rebounded. What have I ever had to end up? I felt unworthy of all. I'd been so certainly given. And looked myself for taking. Maybe this was a way to put myself back on the hook.

Self-delusion does it no wide representation art piece.

I currently weigh 170 pounds. The blood tests showed my liver values were totally out of whack. At 170 I have never been able to conceive a woman that I was a viable prospect to make a baby with. Below average, I never knew if an inability to conceive, should I end up being the cause, is attributable to steroids or the innate incapacity of my mind.

Did I take steroids to write a book, and do I write a book to release the steroids? Did all you want is to step off the path you've chosen, the terrain having become too rocky—creamy too, too smooth, and what my body began to fall apart, when the drugs began to destroy me, I persisted under the belief that all suffering for my part was long past due. I would endure. The eventual understanding that a certain nobility and enjoy my grandfather's suffering, where it came to what was more than that unnecessary suffering—10 like to thank God stepped in. And when I'd state at night sat and gaze in the bathroom mirror, like some escapee from the island of Dr. Moreau, I told myself that if nothing else, I'd suffered. Admitted to admit I took pride in that, too. ■

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A large advertisement for Skechers. It features several pairs of men's casual and dress shoes in various colors like black, brown, and white. One white loafer has a gold monogram on the toe. The Skechers 'S' logo is prominently displayed in the bottom left corner, with the brand name "SKECHERS" in a bold, sans-serif font below it. The background is dark and moody.

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Dillard's

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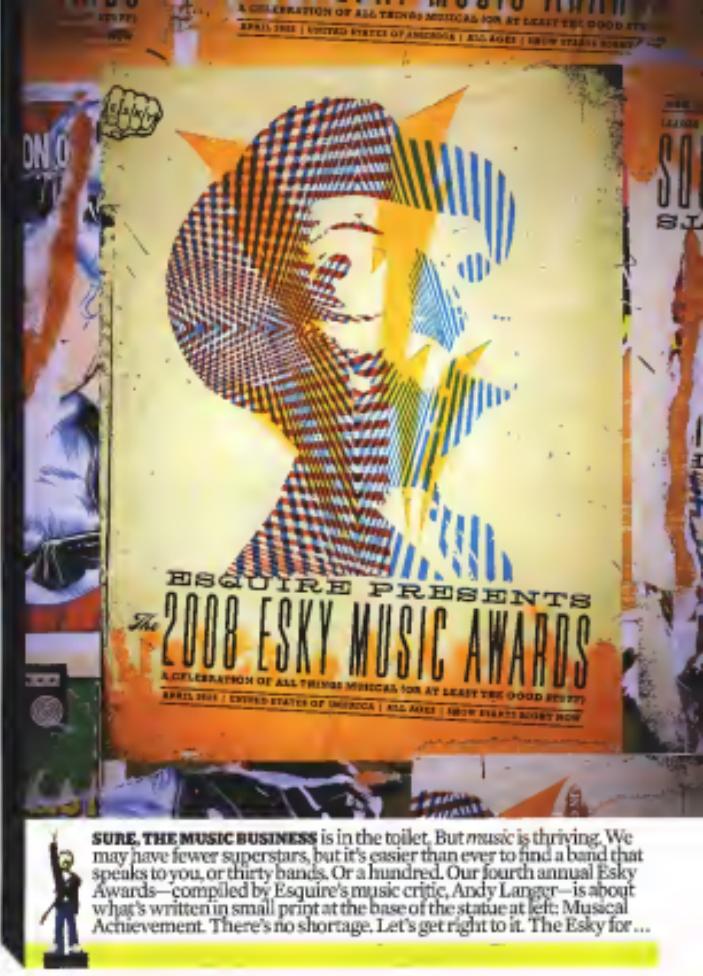
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SURE, THE MUSIC BUSINESS is in the toilet. But music is thriving. We may have fewer superstars, but it's easier than ever to find a band that speaks to you, or thirty bands. Or a hundred. Our fourth annual Esky Awards—compiled by Esquire's music critic, Andy Langer—is about what's written in small print at the base of the statue at left: Musical Achievement. There's no shortage. Let's get right to it. The Esky for ...

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BEST LIVE BAND

to some source, and Windhouse borrowed Jones's back-up band, the Dog Kings, but, even if so well up the list, he never harnessed the energy to appropriate the fire and fury the Joneses did. That causes frustration—blame—or, working years in a security guard and construction office after record-company reps repeatedly told her she was too short and round, and later, too old, to be a bombshell. "It's like that, but go to one that had sold-out shows and had the door sealed because everyone was trying to get in," she says. "I could see you flag; you see a woman who's already granddad for a second chance. And we're grandfathers right back at her."



MOST LIKELY
TO GET KICKED
IN THE TEETH
BY JACKIE BROWN

但是它到了以後
就是它要學得了解孩子

Perry Farrell says he sees Ghostland Observatory one day headlining Lollapalooza. It's a generous prediction, but Ghostland Observatory does have a strong way of making you want to believe in Ghostland Observatory.

country blues, one guy does pugnacious, the other has a vampire rap, but the strength of the songs overpowers the goofy accents. And somewhere there's a Robotique Majestoso that sounds as good as Jimmy Webb's "A Quiet Place" but lacks the doo-wop ring of the best speakers. Downloaded "Heavy Heart" right now and see if I'm wrong.

MOIST PRECIPITANT
REUNION
TAKE UP

中行者，必有能也。故曰：「知人者智，自知者明。」

John Paul Jones
showed up at Bonnardo to
say with a young bluesman
he'd presided over. Uncle
Bill: The best's 1,000 a m.



The posters in this year's Esky Awards were commissioned from four of our favorite poster-design studios and advertise shows that capture the spirit of the times—and ones we'd wait in extremely long lines to see.

Brooklyn Clients include Adidas, Kumy Avni, Queen of the Stone Age, Telly Kovali

OVERVIEW
BY APPARATUS
Minerals. Crystals include Calcite, Ankerite, Gypsum, the Rock-Saw, Quartz, Pyromorphite, Fluorite, Selenite, Biotite, Lignite, Bear, Indigo, in Chronicle Books rock-art issue, Art of Modern Rock.



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EXHIBITION SPECIAL)

Superfan Brad Jones plowing through "When the Loveless Lovers," "Good Times Bad Times," and "Bored and Confused" with the ferocity of a man out to prove there's no Led Zeppelin without him. (That he did, elevating his audience to rarely play rock and Rollphie like one of the best pure blues singers not touring blues for a living.)

**BEST ENTERTAINERS
CARLY RAE JEPPESEN &
TRAVIS BEECH**

EXHIBITIONS IN THE ART

Explosive expansion score for *Friday Night Lights*, the movie, and the television show, ought to outlast us all. You can call what they do atmosphere, bonhomie, magic, enthusiasm, mathematics... 2007's All of a sudden I After Everyone is all those things, but, most important, it is art.

BEST SOUNDTRACK

**BLIND, FEATURING
MARTINA MCBRIDE AND
BLK BROWNS**

One is the little movie musical that could. Who would have thought people would pay to see a name star singing a singable song? Its success is most easily explained by its light touch—the elegant irony of a silly spin fable for a slobby spin fable about two struggling mismatched Dublin. Nothing at all about Once hits you over the head, except maybe the personal and mutual chemistry between Martin McBride and Glen Hansard.

KJ RPPM, Brooklyn
Opened for the Avett Brothers, the Decemberists,
Modest Mouse, and more at the 2007 Sasquatch Music Festival.



**TRANSFIGURING
WOMAN OF THE YEAR**

MIRANDA LAMBERT

Her sophomore record is *Crazy (For You)*. Her best song is "Dangerous & Loud," a graphic revenge fantasy. And she's fully licensed and regulated by the state of Texas for a concert-and-carry karaoke. Her voice balances instrument and trade crew so perfectly,



It's tough to tell where the insanely melodic characters begin and the real Miranda Lambert leaves off. Some songs have the music and the gun she's carrying has everything you need to know to get along with Lambert. Trust her, we feel she's all yours.

BEST MALE VOICE

MATT CAVANAUGH

Your childhood hellion's closing Mark Lanegan would have given up by now, but about twenty years after his debut with Bentley's *Screeching Tree*, his guttural growl is no less menacing. Like the one scowler whose whisper is just as powerful. It's a surprisingly fast belt for his even-



CELEBRATION OF

RANCE GORTON



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A CELEBRATION OF

BANGS & BODYSHOTS

growing catalog of albums. He's due next week with *Quince of the Stone Age*. Nobels Campbell, Twilight Singers, and Soulmakers plus he's the singular soul between Nirvana and Guns N' Roses. Having worked with both Kurt Cobain and Duff McKagan, his least-known collaboration with the Afghan Wings' Greg Ginn—the Gutter Twins—demonstrates his strongest, most haunting songwriting.

MOST HOTTESTED SONG

ACADEMY AWARD

Ben Lec's unlikely song-by-song reworking of Against Me!'s *New Rose* showed us just when you strip away the big-budget rap-a-thon-level sheen, an unmitigated pop masterpiece like he needs. Not just punky pug, but anti-honest too. God, sing-along power. Presenting Ben Gold's customarily distorted, self-deprecating and political accompanying local substances, but it's the male duds that keep us hanging on every word.

BEST FEMALE VOICE

TOP REBUTTAL



On *Tell Me Why* (new after *Country*), we hear a solar singer-like mind for both sunny spring afternoons and dark cold nights. Whether she's whispering

CRASH, Los Angeles
CHAMBERS—Bob Dylan's
the Discipleship Psychiatrist
Soundgarden's Stone Temple Pilots

HALL OF FAME



JAY-Z (over) again

It's hard to listen to the eccentric rhythms and nicely detailed production without cringing at last year's surprisingly hoardic American Gangster, but not any less will it make you a little bit interested. Now that his Def Jam persistence is complete, we're hoping he stays interested. As long as he's making records, nobody will touch him.



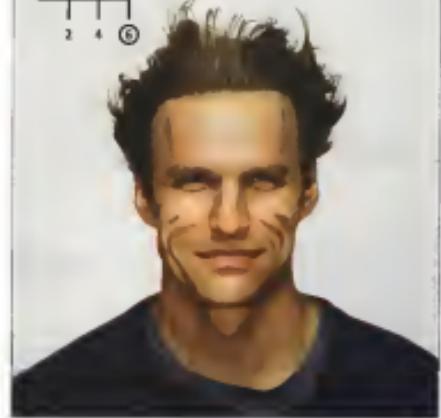
RAYNA JAMES (over) again

As a solo artist, the songwriter-visual artist, Minneapolis jazzie and true soul, her beauty is in the voice: the same irreducibly rhythmic and revelatory spirit that *Kitchenette Talking Heads* (whether her acoustic Big Love or photograph-exhausted attractions), Rayna has an absolute talent for communicating the mood and class of a given song with a kind of raw, in-the-moment thrill.



LELAND SKLAR (over) again

As the shaman of Los Angeles Avant-garde players since an early-seventies stint at James Taylor's first iteration, Sklar (or better than anybody) represents the vanguard of indie cinema: he's the starry-eyed schmo responsible for unrivaled loose instant coffee and artfully wells on unaccountable couches informed by states of unknown origin. Studio work is the litigant or the self-indulgent





CRAB PROOF
AWARD
John Franklin, by
an actor playing equivalent
Dwight M. in *Meet Charlie*,
the 14-year-old Franklin
is making his mark. "He's
got it all," says his dad.
"When the Ship Comes In,"
which gives us great hope for the future.



**BEST WAY TO SELL
SOUP TO THE BANKS**
The Chameleons' *Rebel*
Anchors. In front of that classic
rock background, when 300
million-plus Americans tune in
tonight, they'll be asked to support an
important cause: to support the
legal war over "Rebel" (strategically
a title) versus *Rebel* (a title).

**BEST THIRST
BAND**
Introducing This
Italian-supported
volunteer-operated
Kleenex band, the
Parks (just Parks, rocks,
Latin, adult, rocko,
R&B, and everything
inbetween).

**BEST GUITAR
DUO**
Arik White
on the White
Sister "Dolly
Thomas."

out for aggressive word-
and stringing; harmonica backs and howls, and
rhythms stamped in to
pervy, rigid persuasion; at-
mospheric, atmospheric. The title of these last albums,
aptly describes the trio's
beneath-the-surface approach
to their art. But their inspi-
rations comes across as a
strong collector as brand of
goodwill and righteousness,
making the preaching palat-
able and them strong.

SOARING VERSUS AWARD

BAKED BY HORSES

On both their debut effort,
Everything At The Rose, and
follow-up, *Cook It Again,*
Baked By Horses achieves tra-

dition by not reserving their
creativity and uprightness
for the standard chart chun-
kies. Instead, with tuneful
endurance, they draw the
honey out over the verse,
staggering bar of every
songcount.

STAR ALUMNI

In many ways, his label de-
but, *Motivation*, is in imminent
to restoration. He's only
twenty... But the drop-
jawed masterpiece of a wa-
stand compensation in his bar-
bered beard, doesn't seem
so destined consider-
ing his intense, half-riding
youth in such Texas No-

bewildered, postmodern
surviving here. Just simple
titles like "Hard Times" and
"She Walks of Heaven" that
are made more poignant by
considering harmonicas and
slide guitars.

BEST YOUNG GUY WITH AN ANCIENT VOICE

CRACKED

Most recently, they backed
up Wilco's Nels Cline, Jim James
of My Morning Jacket, and
Charlotte Gainsbourg (as the
I'm Not There soundtrack),
forcing us to take a closer
look at some nonessential
songs in Dylan's catalog.
Despite all the cold shoul-
der, Celine will be ours
around borders, forging a
musical hybrid with proud
marathon hours and
devotional song surges.
(A strong session could be
well-deserving.)

CLUB OF THE YEAR

SADDLE CREEK

Saddle Creek records—home
to Bright Eyes, Conor Oberst, and
the Flaming Lips—opened this 475-
capacity venue last year in
Omaha. There is a stained
bar, comfortable lounge
chairs, and terrific night
lives provided by DJs who
sit overhead a large, sunlit
floor in front of the stage.
It looks a exactly like the sun
separates a dozen of pull-
ing the van up to.

SWEATSHIRT MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

SAM DEAN



He looks like Lyle, wears
every clothing and whatnot
when he sings. Consider-
ing that he has been in con-
certs has barely turned into
mass social commentary.
Sam Deane is one of the bril-
liant musicians performing
today. His songs are spot-on—
lyrically, sonically, lush, and lucidly.
And he can tell those
hell of a story with a song—
when it's not drowned out
by "Step Singing so loud!"
Rock on, Sam.

THE TOP TEN CAR-COMMERCIAL SONGS

Rockin' determinism (ability of song
to make you want to
drive everywhere)

1. "Sky High," by Weezer, for the 2005 Volkswagen Fox

2. "Star Crossing," by Wilco, Mathematics for the
2005 Chevy Silverado

3. "You Are My Face," by Wilco, for the 2003 Volkswagen Jetta

4. "Shake," by Hurt, for the 2005 Cadillac CTS

5. "Older Now," by Wilco, for the 2007 Volkswagen Beetle

6. "Last Moving Light," by Kings of Leon, for the
2008 Ford Focus

7. "The Present," by Band of Horses, for the 2006 Ford Edge

8. "Midnight Sun," by Wilco, for the
2007 Volkswagen Eos

9. "When You're Playing
With Fire," by Kings of Leon, for the
2005 Toyota Sequoia

10. "Stayin' Alive," by Daughtry, for the
2005 Cadillac Escalade



1. "When You're Playing
With Fire," by Kings of Leon, for the
2005 Toyota Sequoia

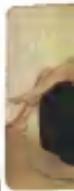
2. "Stayin' Alive," by Daughtry, for the
2005 Cadillac Escalade



YOUR MOM WASN'T YOUR DAD'S FIRST

He went out. He got two numbers in the same night. He drank cocktails. But they were whisky cocktails. Made with Canadian Club. Served in a rocks glass. They tasted good. They were effortless.

DAMN RIGHT YOUR DAD DRANK IT



Canadian Club.



Fisou & Gossy searches
for George Clooney

The 9:10 to Crazyland

By A.J. Jacobs

Photographs by
Martin Schoeller

Esquire



HE IS IN THE BACKSEAT OF A DARK SUV—coffee in hand, dressed in black, hair sharply parted—and, for the first time in his life, reading the *Encyclopedia Wikipedia* entry.

George Timothy Clooney (born May 6, 1961) is an American actor, director, producer, and activist who passed from one of the lead doctors in the long-running television drama *ER* (1994–2004) to the *Idiot*.

He pronounces "You, that's great."

He was raised at *Swanson school*, where he developed an interest in theater.

"Sort of..."

He was an average student.

"Actually, I pulled out my report cards," says Clooney. "I was much better student then I thought I was. Until I found a B+ in science class."

Clooney enjoyed bicycling in California State, during a torture scene in 2004. He had some excruciating headaches and suffered short-term memory loss.

"And now, he adds, looking at me, "I suffered short-term memory loss."

He may Google himself from time to time, but George Clooney doesn't know how could he? It's different for him. It's overwhelming. His infinite kindness could disintegrate a man's personality. "George Clooney" pops up on nearly 11 million sites on the Internet. Spend a day browsing them sites and you will find endless hoop rings and baffling adoration. You will find America with all its nuances called reflected through the prism of George Clooney.

But George Clooney is also a brave man, and today he has agreed to speak a couple of hours exploring what the Internet has to say about George Clooney. A sense of *This Is Your Life*. Today he will tell things that shock him, scare him, and make him sit with laughter. He will see things so devastating that he will walk away from the room humbled. Also, he will have no nipples.

But for now, while they're talking, we are up above the FDR Drive to the left where the Esquire photo crew is waiting for him.



No, he says, regarding the belief that he has hair plugs. In fact, he insists his hairline is advancing. "Go ahead," he says, "feel." It seems impolite to turn him down. "Nice, isn't it?"

should his comparatively friendly user-generated biography. He *successfully financed and executive produced* a political thriller short film called *The Endgame Study* in 2009.

"Never heard of that. It was an amateur. I have no idea what they're talking about."

It is rumored that Clooney was the one to have created the videotape of Jennifer Aniston (her video greeting card that gave birth to South Park) around the Los Angeles area in 1995.

"There's truth to that."

Melissa McCarthy and Natalie Kidman aussi do their best to hint that he would be a father before he turned forty.

"When I turn forty, I'll let you know about that."

Clooney avoided an controversy for his remarks about Cherchen Stevens, saying Cherchen Stevens "invented" aging today that he is suffering from Alzheimer's.

"I wrote him a letter saying I usually mind making jokes at people's expense, so I'm sending you an apology, and I gave it a really nice letter back from him."

His entry finishes with the Kristen flip. "Huh. Never say never," says Clooney with a twang of that arrow, he has to admit, a pretty favorable assessment of his life—if not entirely accurate. "The hardest thing is trying not to correct everything on the fly,

tower. It'd be right and day—wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong. So you just have to say, 'All right, I'll take it, bring it on.'

The ABC pullup to the photo studio. Or what's supposed to be a photo studio. It's an unmarked brown door in a deserted street in Brooklyn. "Where the hell are we?" asks Clooney. "This is a bar, isn't it?"

• PART II: clooney career

There is no one-made pacing beat, just a photo crew, along with coffee and cookies. Clooney and I withdraw to him, in-

darkness, wavy-haired—scrappily dressed at the back. We sit in low-slung chairs at a long table. Using a MacBook.

I figure it's too early to start Clooney with the world details of his bedrooms. Instead, I take the career route now. I click to the Internet Movie Database and scroll to his first credit, a part in a 1990 miniseries about the history of Colorado. Andy Griffith played a professor. Clooney distinguished himself as the Village Idiot.

"They don't even have my first gig," he says. He made his real debut in a bare-assing flick called *And They're Off!*. "I didn't

Clooney
in Empire
on the set



"The Common Touch of the Leading Man," by John H. Richardson

"You've got this cool style as an actor. You eat Stein from *wrecking* the scenery. You're one of the guys who holds back a little bit."

"Reservoir Yards."

"And it's one of the things people like about you. What do you think maybe it like keeping your job for two days?"

"It's hard to be an actor [in] those. I remember watching *My Left Foot* and thinking, 'You know what? I can't do that.' It's an great achievement as far as I'm concerned. It's like when I saw Paul Newman in *The Merciless*, though, like. And I look at these guys and I think, Well, they've much more willing to open up their cage, you know there's this large and their spleen and everything out on the table and go. 'There it is, guys—pick at it if I can't know that I'm willing to do that.' So it's like—yeah, it's limiting, my sort of protective thing."



even what to say next," he says. "I was just hanging out with my editor." The movie was shot in Clooney's home state of Kentucky and starred his cousin Miguel Ferrer ("I rented my car," he teases) to them and not fifty books a day they gave me a part in it. And Miguel and Clooney are L.A. and an actor I had just spent the summer cutting tobacco, which is a miserable job. But that's what made me move to Hollywood."

This one looks interesting: a 1993 thriller called *The Harvest*, Clooney is based on a life-storying true story: He, too, remembers that one. Wishes he didn't. He went to visit some bushes on the set in Mexico, and the director asked him to be in the background, wearing a pink lame dress and mouthing the words to a song. "It wasn't really supposed to be recorded, and suddenly the other director put our names on it. It was like, 'This is us,' just in colors when nobody knew who we were, but now it's cause to be scared."

He links to YouTube, which has dozens of copyright-infringing clips of his work. "There's a weird thrill for it, like it's your own personal directed by Robert Rodriguez. And there's the nonlinear loss some fans got right—Clooney is white blonde, Jennifer Lopez is the student grad who ends up in history.

A YouTube fan even wrote,

I genuinely find it pretty awful...[redacted]

"That's funny," Clooney says. "Because that's usually thought of as a pretty great love scene. Steven Soderbergh really had the idea of a love scene. That one holds up. I try to get people that hold up over time. I do the same thing. Those things are the first few words I will bring. Three Kings is probably sound like it's a good movie."

He pauses.

"And *The Precious*, of course. Someday a group of people will discover that movie and give me a pat on the back for it."

I tell him that, without a doubt, somewhere on the internet, we could also find his horribly forgettable *Romanian Rhapsody*. "There's no such thing," he insists.

After a couple of minutes, I consider the point. The closest I can find are a handful of positive reviews of *The Precious* (which Amazon I take find; the review, which Clooney reads aloud).

George Clooney is about as interesting to watch as Michael Jackson being raped by the Grammys' Jefferson.

"Wow, that's an angry right there," says Clooney. One could argue that since we just heard immensely enterprising—but I argue that I think it's somewhat as well.

I show him a site called "George Clooney is GAY GAY GAY." Clooney starts to read. So...any truth to this? I ask. "No. I'm gray, gay, gay. The third gay—that was pushing it."

"If you want to see angry, look up *Up in the Air*," Clooney says. "It's right: The main popular review on Amazon.

I finally understand this movie. It's the kind of

thing that if Bill would have directed it, some

one had/handed him empty-mallet dollars and

we applied many adult supervises.

Clooney lets out a big laugh. "That's ridiculous."

Because of this various battles with the tabloids, Clooney's considered Clooney to be pretty hot shit. But I'm not sure that's accurate. In some ways, he's the most self-aware of celebrities, and he knows that getting trashed is part of the game. He uses his last Rosemary go from superstar to has-been to psychiatric patient to respected elder. He uses his dad's career was waste. He understands fame.

"I was ever here of the Hollywood Black Belt change?" I ask. "They set up stock exchanges where people trade celebrities."

"Really? I can't believe it's down. It's been a bad year."

Clooney's definition of a bad year, apparently, includes an Oscar nomination for Michael Clayton and a \$300 million gross for *Dawn of the Dead*. Not to mention the upcoming release of *Up in the Air*. The disc notes he's directed since his Oscar-winner *Good Night, and Good Luck*, in 2005.

Clooney's stock is trading at \$46, down from a career high, in 2002, the year of *The Perfect Score* and *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*

"What's Dawson?" Clooney asks. "He should be way up. Forbes did something recently where they say he's the most bankable star."

I type in Matt Damon. "Damon's at \$83. Damon Wiggins is at \$11.84."

"That hurts," he says. "That's similar to Dennis Weyoung."

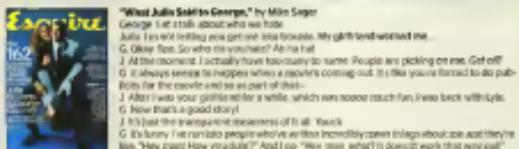
We play a guessing game to see who's higher. Hanks clocks in at \$19. Cruise is at \$16. Deppe...\$15. Brad Pitt sits at \$14.

"It's bizarrely just payday and numbers," he says, perhaps relieved. "Because if it was just numbers, Johnny Depp would kill everybody."

> PART II: Clooney+Handsome

The fact that George Clooney is handsome is an open secret. Triangle has three roles, and Clooney is handsome. Yet the notable thing about the Internet is that certain people think are called into question:

We are logged on to a Facebook group called "George Clooney



"West Julia Said to George," by Mike Sager

George, let's talk about who we hate.

Julia, I'm letting you get in. Julia looks.

My girlfriend-wanted me.

G. Okay then. So who's on your list? Am I hot?

J. At the moment, I actually have too many to name. People are picking on me. Get off!

G. It always seems to happen when a movie's coming out. I like you're forced to do publicity.

J. I like that you're going after a while, which was nice. Coach. I'm back with it.

G. Now that's a good story.

J. I just feel the interpretive darkness of it all. You'll

G. It's funny to run into people who've seen it and incredibly open in signs about how cool they're

like "How cool! How you doin'?" And I go "Hey man, what's it doin' work that way?"

step in MOT that amount as an above."

"Pretty-freakin' enormous," says Clooney as he looks at the photo of himself with a bald X through it. "What the fuck?"

He reads the site's end-of-their-social

I for one can kick and read of George Clooney looking less the sexiest man alive, like jeans he's sold: It's just not right. That man is so full of himself it isn't funny. Also this group of guys really agree with me:

"Should I defend myself in this case?"

Clooney deems it fine: "There's a bullet hole. He looks great for a 50-year-old."

Clooney likes to make jokes about how he can't show his face in public, or when the whole range of age is classified to a few grey hairs. If someone were to show you his forehead, that face is so full of wrinkles of celebrity stalemate, Clooney reads about from there.

As a bold and unapologetic move for celebrating, George Clooney openly admitted to having cosmetic surgery.

"I love this site," he says. "This was everywhere. Oprah did a show where John Roberts and I interviewed each other. And John said, 'Would you ever consider plastic surgery?' And I said, 'I got my eyes done, what do you think?'

Clooney opens his eyes wide, like they're happy.

"I was in Italy when it aired, and all of it's suddenly on all over the Italian papers. Clooney's eyebrows and nose all sort of swoop and it's become a back and forth.... They used to say you can't make a joke in print, but you can get away with it on film. But how you can't get away with it there?"

He pauses.

"I did get up before dinner, though I got them uninvited. It's the new thing in Hollywood—bill-trashing."

Clooney has also been known for having hair plugs. That's come after he reportedly had a stroke, for which he appears more reclusive—he shaved back the hair on his temples. In fact, he claims he's got the opposite problem, an advancing hairline. He's got a widow's peak that he shares. "Right here," he says. "It's."

I've never seen another man/mountain's predictable. But Clooney makes the transition with such ease and confidence, it seems impossible to take him down.

"Who, isn't it?"

I decide to tease the stat—George Height's case.

It features a bizarrely impassioned diatribe about Clooney's height—with participants arguing for everything from the size to its one and analysis of his forehead and eye positions to Jason Statham's prostate.

Donald Trump writes:

Theological schism: He doesn't have the best posture (he stands like many men before), and he does it the best fit thing else.

> George Clooney: "What I Learned, Interviewed by Cal Fussman"

You know, we did just leave to Congress. I think speeches for him...we still have to catch up and apologize to be a little bit. For some reason, we're going to this place where liberal is a bad word again, which is truly insane. Look at American history start with the Salem witch trials. The conservative view was: Well, they all witches and they all did bad things. Liberal thought that racism would be inferior to conservatism. We thought it'd be nice for America to sit at a table much closer. They were bad and when they sat on a public trial. We thought that'd be all right. We've always been on the right side of history eventually. So I don't understand how you lose the moral argument."

"Yes, I shock," Clooney says. "My mother tells me that."

So what's the trick? According to the man himself, he's five sheets not full.

"Like Donald Trump or Larry King, and he was saying [here Clooney mimics Trump's impression]. 'Clooney is a very sharp guy, I mean, he's a dog day. I don't want to knock the guy, but he's very amiable.' I met Donald Trump once, and I was sitting at a table. He came over, shook my hand and walked away. I guess I looked about three feet the sitting at the table."

> PART III: Clooney+Sex

Clooney's popularity is sitting in a long couch across the room. He's been trying out test messages, trying to put out a fire before an apocalyptic hoard clearing that Clooney's coming to the Ford Model T party tonight. He's not. He's far as he's concerned, this is a failure with a side.

Donald Trump is ready to use a bat about his unerring single life. We start with a source in a South African newspaper related to *George's* *Visible Love*.

Say George Clooney gathered a dressing-table 50-year-old virgin in his arms, led her over to the bed, and made such giddy passionate, nonconsensual love to her that... "I'm sorry, but she still is a virgin when she results describe orgasm."

Across Claudia Wells' *Wall Street Journal* of *World*: "I saw a lot of women who think I was crazy not to have had sex with her, but I never regretted it. Even without, I'll never regret the sex we had together."

He says: "I know who Claudia Wells is. I can't imagine she does that."

So like Clooney gave her non-virginity-inducing orgasm?

"I don't think that's true. That was way, way ago, so I might be dead."

And Clooney that he's still waiting for that woman who's never come to terms with him.

"Yeah, I know. But twenty years ago—I'm having trouble remembering the penultimate love I had."

For the record, Wells says, "We're trying together to take that down for years," but she's never had to acknowledge it.

I click onto a site that features Clooney having penetrative love, but this one is admittedly imaginary. It's a fan-fiction site—apt for Clooney's desire to write many short stories. This entry concerns Clooney's *Up* character, Doug Ross, Delores Morgan's horse, a hot tub and words like *grilled*, *curved*, *steamed*.

Huge prints sucking off Bill implies because *unlike* ... Two nubile girls gleefully enjoy a contest of shear could get further inside this site's sexuals.

"You know what?" says Clooney. "I think this was actually taken out of Bill O'Reilly's novel."



George Clooney's life paralleled Bush's: he was too much to be a nonentity. He was entered into some unknown acronym—He brags off: "We. This is not unknown. She's actually very successful."

He largely recycles:

He dates beautiful women and nothing happens and they disappear—oblivious.

"That's been me. I eat them."

So...^{sigh} truth-teller?

"No. I'm just gay. The therapy—that was pushing it."

>PART IV: clooney+politics

We have just finished a discussion of how gay he is when some one solo Clooney where he's going after his New York stay: "I'm seriously going to start."

Clooney, who only founded the charity Not On Our Watch, has been named a messenger of peace by the UN, and he's off on a three-day trip to Africa next week. His second solo mission trip to far-flung hot spots like Liberia, the highly unstable capital of Badu, is to be imminent!

"It's an enormous cause [the UN] is involved in," he says. "I'm going with a woman from the UN, former U.S. Army Spec 5 badass. But that is one of those times where you say, 'I have a really nice house in Italy, do I really want to...' I think of..."

I show Clooney a site that has eight different T-shirts urging him to run for office: CLOONEY 2008, DRAMA/CLOONEY, ACTRESS FREE ALIVE. There's also a Facebook group with 187 members imploring him to run for Senate in Kentucky. Could that be the next step?

He says no, which will be a relief to the folks at celeb-politics.com, a Web site that keeps a watchful eye on celeb'el actions. Show Clooney that he has a conservative-friendly rating of 16. He's a "whole liberal assassin." (Though Alec Baldwin beats him with a .45 refight.)

The site quotes from Clooney: "The problem is, we elected a manager and we need a leader. Let's start an American revolution."

"That's 2009?" he says now. "God, god, I was wrong about that. Bush turned us to be really great at it!"

They also run your motto, I tell him:

"Oh, god. I can tell you which one they'll like the best: *George, Where Art Thou?* That's my bet. Because when I'm around conservative guys, it's like a math lesson: 'I do like that G movie, *Where Art Thou?*'"

Nope, that's *True Blood*. As are almost all of his other movies.

We click on whoopiepig guy. We're in luck. President Bush will be answering submitted questions later in the day.



"It's More Fun to Be the Painter Than the Paint," by Chris Jones

After the 2006 midterms, Clooney played it hunch that this stock market was going to crash, he sold his portfolio and began holding the real estate of property, which he found in Lake Como, in a house called Villa Oberweis. "Designing I just thought it as an investment. Then I started spending time there, accepting God, they do everything better than we do. And I just fell in love with it. It's a place where I feel like I'm on vacation, like a vacation of my life. And every night this past summer I would wake up with a smile and sit at last, this was for Christmas. I wanted to be like Picasso painting Italy, only with twists."

Picasso? he laughs and he's got fine pages, excusing a few readings in three days. He used to drive it. The (stated) kilometers had affected it and it had to sit for twenty-four hours.

"I've had a good set," he says. "But if I come out with another *Batman & Robin* they'll take the toys away pretty fast."

>PART VI: monkey+butt

Clooney's been pretty comfortable with all that so far. He's not easily thrown by his own fame or by the brutal assessments of the fame obsessed. But what about the larger dangers of the Web? I realize that I've just made a fool of myself showing Clooney more about Clooney, but I have to ask him: Does he ever go on the Internet?

"I go on YouTube when somebody says 'look something up,' he answers. "There was one new year ago that killed me. Look up vacuums! Look up vacuums!"

Type it in. Up pops video of a cheap stacking his finger up YouTube, spelling it, then promptly passing out.

Clooney runs with laughter. "He just comes out and goes wooh-ah and whoo-ah like this," that always kills me!"

As the point, I make a segue that seemed relevant at the time but in retrospect was probably a very bad idea: "You know, I tell him, 'I asked the guy who does the English Web site what I should show George Clooney, and he said, 'Show him *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*.'"

"What?"

"It's the most disturbing video in the history of video."

"Show me it."

"Really? I don't know."

"I can take it," Clooney says. "I'm a grown-up. We're all grown-ups."

"It's soaring. It'll soar you forever."

"It's long!" he says.

"No," I tell him, "but it's disturbing. I saw it once and can never get it out of my mind. I can't watch it again."

"I want to see it."

Well, he's asked. After a bit of searching, I find the link. I click. After several seconds, "It's not so bad," he says.

Three seconds later: "Oh."

Another two seconds: "Oh, my GOSH OH, my GOSH OH, my GOSH."

Clooney puts his hand over his mouth like he's going to throw up. He holds it over his ear and walks out of the room.

Clooney's longtime gal pal, Stacy Keibler, wants to know what the fuss is about. Clooney is like a boy who watched the most negative video he's ever seen. Keibler wants to see it. "I want to go at least one second more than George."

"I want to watch *Boys Don't Cry*," Clooney says, resounding Keibler. "It's like the radio—one has fun on you can't."

Keibler lasts three full seconds before walking out.

Clooney having regarding his following, says parenthetically, double over with laughter.

Author's note: Please do not watch this video. I don't want any more page views on my computer. But do feel free to watch the monkey sex. That's kind of funny.

O'Reilly—who has feuded with Clooney over Clooney's other work—wrote a 2004 thriller called *Plan B* (proposals "Do you see a time... when I'll be known?" asks Clooney) "It's funny, it's like, 'He capped her butt,apple lesions!'"

The serial O'Reilly note: "Nothing felt two large breasts were themselves around her breasts and her breasts are the back of other week."

"To me, O'Reilly was unhooked and at minimum."

And no real judgment: "Dancing up a star that has a lot of Clooney's alleged eyes off with accompanying sultry photos.

You've got a lot, I tell him.

"Well, I'm old. I've been around a long time."

Clooney facts—she does this.

Meekly: "Um."

Clooney: "Um."

Selma Hayek: "Um."

Brooks Langford: "Um."

Poppy Harlow: "Um."

Lily Tomlin: "Um."

Joko Roberts: "Um."

Karen Blackberg: "Um."

Stacy Keibler: "Um."

Hilary Swank: "Don't know who she is."

Dorothy: "Um."

Susan Sarandon: "Never, but I like her. She's a great friend."

I show an article in a Canadian paper in which a psych prof predicts 2008 is the year in which Clooney will end his relationship with actress Anna Friel, whom he regards as a masterpiece. Something about Fiel's face looks phony to Clooney but Clooney not wanting to be in the background of the pictures.

Fellow has just been quoted about it in GQ Clooney reads about it with a Schadenfreude giggle accent.

He is a big whiner in worse than his late.

"Did he really say that? He couldn't have said that?"

Meekly: "That's what he could have."

"It's like a Saturday Night Live sketch. Nobody says things like that."

I could have beaten the living out of him.

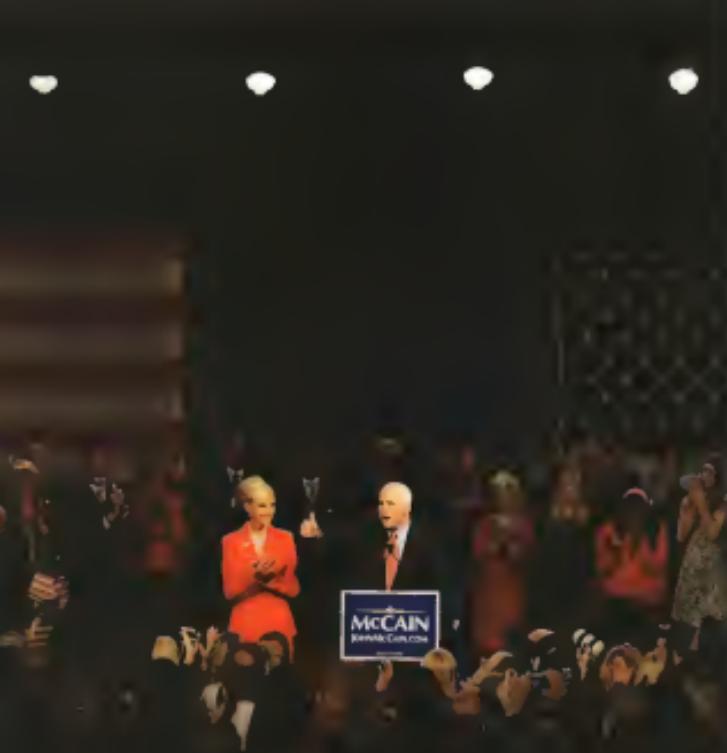
"Yeah, that's probably true. It's a big guy. I wouldn't doubt that. There is a reason why he's up there in the segment and you're thinking, 'I'd do better down by John, that will be far worse than the pass. I wouldn't shade that.'

Then there is an enormous Clooney of something like: "Sometime just came after me," he says. "Some time ago I was feeling man on me, like a drunken rampage. I wish I could remember who, because it'd be a fun one to see."

After a few minutes, we figure out the actor-analyst question. I introduce Rupert Everett: I call up the page and we start to read.

Clooney says that, provided we do a few lines which are publicly commented, he's off to do *Death*, *Idiots*, and *Idiots*. But the Clooneys move are a major world culture. They're destroying us, Everett told *The Independent*.

"You go. Where did that come from?" he says. "You kind of, like, Dude, weren't you in *Burnside Checks In?*"



[One of Us, Part 3]

In August 2006, *Esquire* published the first installment of Chris Jones's intimate portrait of John McCain's long fight to become president. In January, we publish Part 2, showing the fighting and near collapse of McCain's campaign last year and the beginning of its hard-hitting battle to run again. Now Jones reports from the inside as the effort reaches its climax.



By Chris Jones

By Chris Jones

Two Nights...

THEY ALL GATHERED at the front of the big new plane, John McCain and his ever-expanding circle of friends and foes, Senator Jim Jeffords of Vermont and Governor Charlie Crist of Florida now among them, and they landed in and headed to a seagull State Schmidt, who was recovering the first virus a Foss-ell really thought his BlackBerry had. It was only just past one o'clock in the afternoon when the income in San Bruno, in the far-reaching dry dip, February 5—Super Tuesday—was in the stars and the Dow Jones was close to calling it night. And night was what everyone wanted, as did the rest of the world, as the day's last light faded away.

...separated by twenty-eight days—as John McCain sweated, beamed, sneered, accused, denied, and sweated again—reshaped his campaign. And maybe his life.

on top. On such an easy and accessible competition, the wooden blocks I raised more often than

Whispers began running down the planet's axis, growing less hushed the further back they got. It wasn't that Mira Somory had mounted a last-ditch recovery, which was everyone's first guess. (Although the early numbers showed McCain holding only when lead over Romney by his home state of Arizona, who can underestimate it?) What was that Mike Huckabee, the guy everyone had written them off, had done?



official, now said it looks like he was making a break-up-the-middle.

There had been no early signs that Huckabee would do better than expected, and there had been no one who thought McCain and his people were just fine about that. The plane had been chartered from JetBlue to accommodate the mostly one-hundred passengers—when only twelve hundred, McCain's staff insists had been reduced to four dozen, including him—and the TVs in the backs of the seats reflected with the news that Huckabee had surpassed Romney with a vote in West Virginia. There were cheers.

"We beat Huckabee on this plane," said Mark Salter, McCain's senior advisor and speechwriter.

They beat Huckabee, because they beat Romney.

It had taken time for McCain's staggering decline of late, wavering from an eighty-year-old dispute over federal funding for the Salt Lake City Olympics, sober over the debate again, and finally pushed public relations' McCandlish plucked to be the guy to run a positive campaign, and, useful of his experience for taxpayer, he had done his best to keep quiet, demonstrating a sometimes impressive discipline. Way back in an amateur-writer days, he had been asked what he wanted done more in life: Romney's mitzvahs about his first visit serving the country by helping heroes for presidents—McCain, young-at-heart, Picard, or a man racing in Iraq—and McCain answered only by haking his head. Now, though, there was weight to his words.

McCain had survived the flight from New York en route to the rally, asking through the gathered press for Romney to apologize for slights. Bob Dole, a man for whom McCain felt something like love, Dole had written a letter to Bush longitude praising McCain. Romney had said that Dole was the last person he'd want writing a letter on his behalf. "It was really inappropriate to make the comments that he did about one of the great war heroes in America," McCain said.

Salter was more pointed. "Let me tell you exactly where it's coming from. Mitt Romney is all about Mitt Romney, and no-

IN THIS AND OTHER PHOTOS McCain makes the final stopover before primaries with Cindy and wife, Roma. Wayne would be home next week—and also some thinking of books. And if Huckabee won? "I'd get into it," he says.

body else. Maybe the five little Mitts. But nobody else. And so I think McCain sees some thing like that—who is that guy to take a shot at this guy?"

And so the day progressed, and the nerves grew short, and the hours wore on, McCain seemed relaxed and steered and safely said to himself: "Fool it—or fuck that guy, at least—and let the wives crash over the wall."

"He takes at least two positions on every issue," he said.

A little later, "I just happened to see polling. I talk to both Senator Clinton and Senator Obama, and general election would top Governor Romney's way down."

And after word came through that Romney was ahead McCain, of course, she was up in West Virginia, visiting Huckabee, and his surprise triumph. "Rather than blushing at it on camera else, I'd suggest that he move on."

But now the plane landed from below, fan blades for the short leg to Phoenix, elevations planned, the ballroom at the Biltmore not the broad balcony and wing, and here the nervous men inhaled. Feeling that as much as Romney had been damaged by McCain's stepped-up attacks over the previous days and weeks, perhaps it had been Huckabee, not McCain, who had been felled. It's a point, that was okay—it was okay for Huckabee to win West Virginia. And he's a nice guy. Let's have Arkansas. He was always going to win.

Then came the final stopovers: out of Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee—all Huckabee. Huckabee, the guy McCain liked, the guy who didn't have his angry engine—followed by the specter of Arizona falling, and suddenly it felt as though the plane would never touch down and the sun would never set.

IT HAD FELT JUST LIKE THAT twenty-eight days ago, January 8, on that last few miles in New Hampshire. McCain was trailing in most polls but not thinking that everybody was saying it was too close to call. He'd had his whole candidacy on the minds of the marketplace, she wrote this, the part that everyone wanted to make disappear with a snap of their fingers. Instead, it could easily be blushed with drama and egotism and sit us all up on lobby couches, phone calls and hairy e-mails, lenses on the panel bar in everybody's earshot but nobody's mouth. On a day that represented the beginning and the end of all things, they were trapped in this awful never-ending puddle.

Eight years ago, the New Hampshire primary had marked the rise of John McCain, Jr., when he made up his lack of name and lack of audience versus George W. Bush by campaigning for president door-to-door, eventually winning by 18 points. Then, his momentum to all five now-held primaries was in play, trying to break Biden's nose with a wide array of off-the-cuff stories and off-talking-in-their-rooms. This time around, when the new loose-knit coalition Durbin, Santorum,Romney supporters from California, shivering in a restaurant in Manchester, New Hampshire, were passing time, McCain didn't pause and laugh through the cracked windows of the Breitbart Express. McCain knows too well how it feels to be the guy everybody else is laughing at. He didn't even have to be the guy everybody else is laughing at.

Only last July, when he was once-victorious-sounding campaign machinery broke down and then finally got legit, McCain had been that man on the street corner. He had been trying to group up the ghost, because while McCain is jaded, his politics aren't. His optimism and his politics into 1952, he can have a surprising capacity for being wounded.

One of the people who did leave the campaign then was John Weaver, McCains' long-time manager and friend. Weaver counted McCain's hair and shaved off his sides, because he knew with the Indian chief should never do those things the hair will split if it was his deference then but McCain the most. "They're not talking to John in those terms," McCains' said January, and he wouldn't say much more than that. The truth is, Weaver has tried to recruit, but McCain has not answered or returned his calls. For a lot of people

now debate, the economy became his backdrop when he was "Lindsay and I were talking," McCain said, remembering their long flight home, "we'd say, 'We've gotta talk with this.' It was very moving to see those young people willing to fight like that."

"It was one of the most moving experiences of my life," Grimes said. "I knew they really appreciated him."

But so, too, did the feeling that each of his own troops had abandoned him, this general without an army. McCain was the one—"We know who our own are," Grimes said—and the ones went on the attack, pointing what remained of his hopes on that wedge of a place, New Hampshire, which had proved so receptive to him and his ground game before.

It was a good strategy, and with McCains' limited resources, it was probably his only strategy. But it was also risky. Lose New Hampshire, lose the win.

So for the day before the primary, the tension in the back of the bus weighed heavy. This was it, and everybody knew it, and McCains' was feeling nostalgic as well as anxious. He talked about the past, and he told his team to move as closely as possible, the final day of his campaign eight years earlier. He held his one-handshake town hall in Peterborough, where he'd first dashed and received. He made stops in the same towns—Roxbury, Concord—he had stopped in last time around, ending each of his speeches by saying, "Well, we'll catch you down," perhaps one last job for the people who had left for deadlines in Washington. No one had noticed the crowd was bare, and he remembered. He wanted as locally in name that he had the last stop in Roxbury out in the dark—particularly, where he had held his final event in 2000 and still did now. He slept the same hotel room, the Presidential Suite on the eighth floor of the Crescent Plaza in Nashua. The next day he would roll on the same give-a-mane as he had worn back then, he jogged the perimeter in his pajamas that he had packed up over the course of the previous week, but only if he sped them heads up, he checked the weather and he was heartened that there would be clouds in the northwesterly winds of the state, because rain between good luck for him at a Wisconsin big.

So with watching a movie, and Cindy McCain watching downloaded a couple of his favorites for, like Topdog and Fences, and Callie and Heran, and he was happy that. He was also buoyed by the midmorning reports out of Dixieville, N.C., the remote village in the northeast corner of the state, where seventeen-year-olds won the first race report their primary results. He had lost there in 2000, this time, he confidently due to two "A terrible loss," he called it, but when someone joked that it had been a hungover, he called it, but when someone joked that it had been a hungover, he assured them, "I'm representations about that, too," he assured them.

Later that morning, McCain rode along to Broad Street military school, the small academy he had visited in primary day in 2000. There, in that parking lot bordered by snowbanks, was everything that that day meant at once. [continued on page 14]



THAT'S IT? McCain's personal battle for voters starting to wear thin.

"We better turn that down, Cindy," McCain said, pointing at the TV. "Another silver," said Romney. McCain looked like he would throw up. "That's why I wanted to turn it down," he said.

silence on the road, that bitterness has cast a kind of shadow over everything. For McCain, that bitterness is in the teeth.

He says that he was spurred to comment by having campaign by a constituent in memory for him to have his thoughts shared on the Board of July, which he attended without his attaché parentheses, Senator Lindsey Graham of South Carolina. Another 181 green-and-white soldiers were receiving their citizenship that day, only 158 did, because two were killed in action the previous month, dying for country that hadn't yet needed them a祖国. Aside from coloring McCain's take as the flag-waving gr-

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[A TRIBUTE]

People dread thirty-nine. They fear forty, and so at thirty-nine they sulk. But you don't see Rachel Hunter sulking, do you? No. That's because she's one of a remarkable group of women turning thirty-nine this year who know it's the age at which beauty and wisdom and experience collide to create—well, you see the photo.



Say with me here. We'll return to the topic of Rachel Hunter's translucent lingerie in just a moment. But first, a quick détour into turn-of-the-century cultural ferment. Perhaps you remember studying the *fin de siècle* in college (you know, the transition between centuries, often filled with cultural richness and excitement mixed with fear and topped off with a helping of decadence). The end of the nineteenth century gave us Freud, the Belle Epoque, impressionism. The end of the twentieth gave us the Internet explosion and, uh, Austin Powers—less impressive, but the basic idea still holds.

I'm starting to think women are like creatures. Only with women, it's more of a decade. Specifically, the decade of their thirties. Thirty-nine is an age of confidence mixed with fear, a renaissance of hottness in the last year of a bigger cycle, the *fin de girliness*, the *fin de immaturity* being gone. For proof, consider the alarming number of breathtaking women who will turn thirty-nine this year. They're burning brighter than ever. Catherine Zeta-Jones is now even more too-much-of-a-woman for the *o!* of cot she married. And Jennifer Aniston appears to be getting younger. I salute Hunter—she of the translucent lingerie—for marking the transition by hooking up with a hockey player many years her junior. No doubt the boy has read Ben Franklin's essay on the joys of older women, in which he wrote, "Their Conversation is more improving and more lastingly agreeable." Wise and eternally true.

Take Cate Blanchett. Her conversation would be much more lastingly agreeable. Franklin's second point was this: "When Women cease to be handsome, they study to be good." Now, here he dates himself. Cease to be handsome? Have you seen Christy Turlington recently? Gwen Stefani? Ellen Pompeo? As you may have noticed, women are impervious to be handsome. Pilates, better diets, SPF 80, various dark arts—they've brought about a *fin de degeneration*. Teenagers are looking older, seasoned women are looking younger, and they're all meeting somewhere around twenty-seven. Which has its dangers, but also its charms.

—A.J. JACOBS

Rachel HUNTER

WHAT I'VE LEARNED @ISUPERMOUL, LOS ANGELES I

- » **Look, anyone** can look into a career—a and be scary. It's the most in-depth version of anxiety that exists as you get older.
- » **You know** the old saying, "I wish I knew what I had then."
- » **My magazine covers** are all down in the basement.
- » **Teach your children** everything that you've lost, because they will pick up on everything that you are.
- » **My mother** told us about the *o!* and the *b*, what goes on with your body when we were about five or six. There were no boundaries.
- » **When we were making** the *Fooligans* of *Wetten* video, I actually said, "What does that mean?" *MLP?* I definitely got a lot younger of an audience after that video.

OTHERS TURNING 39 THIS YEAR

Led Zeppelin

The VCR

Jesse L. Martin

Portugy's Complaint

UNEX

Scroobly-Doo

The Gap

Bryan Adams
first real hit-making

- » **Turboulence** makes me nervous.
- » **God and death** kind of resemble each other because the only time a lot of people will try and talk to God is when someone's died.

» **I was brought up** in many different religions. We would go from Newborn Christian to Mormon to Buddhist—you name it, we did it. But The Devil King did it for me, when they told it's the circle of life. For The Devil King and you're all set.

» **When I did Playing**, it was a time of feeling really good about myself, really comfortable in my own skin. I would just do it again.

» **Love is just chemistry**

» **And loudmouths**, a show-off, is a total turnoff for me.

» **When I hear** a Rod Stewart song now, it just kind of goes over the top of me. But I always get a smile on my face when I hear it.

» **Paté** the hell out of a *Meat*. Really slab it with a fork to tenderize it. Then put paprika and salt over the top of it. Other or weird a couple pinches of garlic, and Lee & Perrine Worcestershire Sauce. Then put it on a grill over the stove on a really low heat.

» **Is what I'm doing** the right thing to be doing? Or should I be doing some other thing?

» **I am a very open person**, and I'm always nervous of being misconstrued. Sitting in the middle of a restaurant makes me nervous. I feel like I'm being judged. And it's funny that I should feel that way.

» **There's got to be** something to reinvent me. I don't know what I used to be. A dog in a good house? H-



BETTER

→ It seems like it should be easy, sleeping. Lie down. Close your eyes. That's about it. And you've had a lot of time to practice. So why are you so tired all the time? Why, even when you sleep through the night, do you sometimes wake up feeling just as exhausted? Because as simple as it seems, a lot can come between a man and his rest. Anxiety. Noise. The snoring passenger in seat 23A. But there are things you can do. Easy things that will help you fall asleep anywhere. And sleep through anything.

The Otis Bed
Haley
150 Futors: A Love Story

BY SCOTT RAAB

Hypothetical dictionary would list the whole definition of *futon* as "this even-*er*-so-like-a-sofa, placed on the floor for use as a bed."

That's it. And that was it, back before the fad got big. I came up here on the scene—it still slept on a mattress in the late 1980s, for the same reason that Malley-elliptical Mount Everest. It was there—and my first futon was a fit of cheap-economy buying that

dismissed our quick, except for the hours, a brutal bed that declined at a screeching crawl.

I got sober on an air mattress and graduated a few months later to a residential mattress-and-box-spring combo, which is, in my humble opinion, strictly for looks and measure. Our trip to a mattress store is enough to realize that a used dealer is far more honest than those salesmen, and no amount of name-cool enterprise can change the fact that you're tussling and sweating on an unevenly padded metal. At a certain point in life—

better late than never—a man realizes that he needs his bed both as firm as his commitment and as yielding as his heart.

So I looked at some of the really downstairs-peddled specimens for nearly five figures to the same dealers who think the baby-carrier will keep the baby carrots more crisp—but I've never been that loose with shade. Instead, I made do. I found out the box spring test just my midstage Analytical man. On a steel frame with wood slats and when the kid came along, my wife and I sprang for a plush foam-

Photographs by
JEFF MINTON



• Before: Thomas DeLorenzo's invention of the lightbulb people slept an average of 150 hours a night; today Americans average 4.8.

hours of sleep on weeknights and 7.5 hours on weekends.

• In 2004, the National Portrait Gallery in London

unveiled a bust of New Yorker Woods David, a surveyor and amateur folk art David. Woods sleeps sleeping.

• In 2004, a sleep specialist interviewed an Australian woman who left her home and had sex with a string of while she hyperventilated.

• Nearly one in four



MONDAY

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TUESDAY

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WEDNESDAY

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FRIDAY

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SATURDAY

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SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

ESQUIRE FICTION

The Last Days of Heath Ledger

BY LISA TABBED | PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. BRYCE DEFFEY

IT BECOMES THEATRICALLY IMPORTANT, after you die, what your last few days are like.

For me, it was just like any other weekend in my life. I didn't eat a last meal, I didn't jerk off any more or any less, I didn't climb a mountain or end up swinging from a noose with Mozart's *Requiem* in the background. But suddenly it's important exactly what I did, because they are the last few days, and what you do in the last few days, down to your last lunch, becomes a fairy tale.

If you force me to make my last weekend a microcosm of my existence, and what my existence means to you, then I'll tell you how it went and who I played. But first things first: It was an accident. I'm not some fucked-up star who couldn't deal. I could deal; I just couldn't sleep.

1.19.08 TWO JOKERS

10:47 P.M.

You don't say so to Jack

It's the last Saturday night of my life. I'm in London and we've just finished a shoot on my last movie, *Reservoir*. It's a movie you will likely never see. I play a character who falls in this crazy trap and ends all their careers. Every day I was in a different costume, every day a different person.

Now I'm done. I'm late. I'm tired, and it's fucking cold here in this uninviting bitch of a city. I want to drink something warm. I want to dance, maybe take a bath. But Jack's backson.

*Alleg. joker! you're like a human, i'm in a state, need me or
partner for a late night virgin stories, you're having*

So it's back out onto the passing train. Back to the Tube, through Palace Gates, past the jury-scoffed, the food-lit checks at the bar. Gotta step down the stairs into the subterranean Morecambe & Son. He's sitting there with a purple scarf wrapped around his neck, holding his cigarette holder in place atop his chalice, and he's got a bottle of wine plus two bunches of vodka.

You're free to make love, he says. That Malone-fucked voice and that conning smile. They're even scarier in real life.

He shoves both hands in front of me. Jack blinks eyes crossed quick, or gets you mixed, and then shows you he's a bigger man by walking you out of the place. He's home. He stops smiling.

They have these belly dancers. Jack says they're Pen in love with the name. So does she. She says we were lovers in another life. Her name means "dream." I believe her.

You be here in remembrance?

Fuck no. I want about her name. I think if I let her talk me home straight.

I look around, making eye contact with one of the belly girls and giving her the soul-eye business. What's one teach? I say. You fucking Jack. Holding her set, her lambent fucking career he blinks to look over me to prove something. But I've got the face. I've got an oiled neck.

The woman comes and Jack's policy reappears under the both of us—since vegetarians nominate for me, the lamb toppings for her. If I'd known it was the last Saturday of my life, I would have let that ridiculous housewife under for me. Penny don't sugar let the big things but after the presentee bedding. Lamb-over carrots. Per fuck it.

Jack starts telling me about the girl he picked up yesterday at Peacock. He says she had like a puppy smile he did his. I'm dragging young boy selection, like. Wow, Jack the Wolfman. Then he says, Let's kiss. I'll tell you our house for a reason.

Yeah, what's that?

The food's over and Jack's suddenly a lamb gone like it's pussy man—because Jack is always proving something like, You play the game noway forever don't I'm J-God, I'm Almighty Griffin, I'm the devil, I'm the motherfucker. I want to warn you about that again.

The cameras in his speech are misleading, like he's about to deliver the newest *Braveheart* and he's writing for you to come every last one of his words into stone. I nod at him like, Keeping talking.

Your feet, too.

What about art?

I think you're letting it lead you by the balls.

What?

Don't get all bent outta shape. I'm just saying, you're at a crucial point now.

How's that? I ask.

See, that's the thing about Jack, you don't want to fucking know, you're annoyed by the way he believes his amazingly self-entertaining Cheshire-cat Jerry-Garcia-in-pyjamas character, but when Jack gets to the point, the point is lame.

And here's the point: I need you keep that gay little journal for the Jack-tastic this later once you finished shooting. I'll send you all the social ever-expansive permanent calendar, like, I wanna dinner, I wanna make art, just not be art. Bob, Bob, Bob. Forget it, lad. Jack thinks his place is in the life he's dominating the world.

A writer in *Macmillan's Quarterly* looks back like he's been clapped Jack puts down his glass, drops a clear lamb bone onto his plate. Tell. Jack closes his plate. Always prevag a. All right.

When I mean it, live your goddamn life. Fuck love again. Hell, fallen love five more times and fuck a culture and college students between them. Don't be so goddamn concerned with how you're gonna be remembered. All work and no play and all that garbage.

At that, he grabs the wine bottle like a long-time friend, there was something of mystery to him, his purple scarf, his leaning back in that seat. Morecambe's service and spreading his legs like he's got seven cooks that need room to breathe. The bottle might be avoid, and here is King Arthur, laying down for me the ethos of his experience. He smashes the bottle and belches like a pirate. The acid of it looks like a black oil in a colorful wave.

Just then like magic, the music gets louder, the star in the spotlights and like a thousand lit police agents have used copper and a one-foot Indian-bladed garofon cleaver from the kitchen. She has a terra-cotta mouth surrounded with bones. She's wearing a buster with teeth sprouting from its popper like truffles. She goes over to the table, she holds her hand out and beckons Jack with her long-wandy finger. Jack the king. Jack the Joker. Jack with his givin' gonna writing the originally of a kickass like grail has by the scroll and pulls him like a matto toward the kitchen.

He raises back to us with that dead-end smile that was never set. Hell, he says, forget what the world wants from you. Go live your own fucking music.

And stay...away...from...the...and...dawn...pills

SUNDAY

1.20.08 EVEN MY MASK GEES SAID

11:48 P.M.

Let me tell you something: It's an old

This is right in the age of the ass.

I get back to Manhattan in the afternoon, via an early flight from London. I want to go on. Prod some of the stuff Jack was talking about. I can say on my True Religion website, I have a must for everything (my stylist tells me they make my hair look good), a hooded sweatshirt, and a silk mask.

That's right, a silk mask. That's one of the do's in the *Daily News* self-agitate over in a few days. Think of it when you will, but I know this. That's the kind of shit that can get away with when you're a celebrity. You can go out there in a fucking silk mask and you can still get away with it. Well know your eyes from me, like. I will tell your name no matter how much you try to scrub it off.

The service is full of the usual—the sound of shiny girls with their black hair and their black-blue eyes, their white blouses and their pale lemons. I can't have any one of them I want. I can pick out the amateur and most well-dressed one here. A shiny-ass thing

KODAK

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KODAK 3201XP



around with clipping in diamonds like a \$10,000 windfall. He is still plucking armpit hair like a cell phone and cowboy boots whoopee who wants to make love to my assone. I can fill some space, forget about my girls for a night.

Across the bed, sitting all alone, that one stands out. She's Thai or Malaysian or something, she's got skin like the empor color burnt sienna. She's wearing an assualt fat sweater, some kind of snow leopard. I'll find out later that her father almost the beast for her in the *Handsome*. This is a hit, but then everything about this assone is. The only real crime is presenting you're short in a nice pinkie there.

When you're a celebrity, when you're a young, good-looking celeb with a sweet, poofy smile and an accent that makes women's asses look like they've been passed, this is how you pickup a girl at a bar.

Um, I say.

In, she says, smiling. Looking into the holes in my mask.

Come you from across the room, and I kinda thought I might be home with you so long!

Just thought it, she says.

I have a very stringent callback policy.

Oh yeah! She croons on her horn to face-me. She has another what stronger minus. She's wearing a sheer black shirt. She crosses her legs, leaves them just past my neck and over her left. Like Goldilocks, she knows precisely the distance, when is too much, when is not enough, what is just right.

Oh yeah, I say. I hold my hand out to her. I smile behind the fabric. Let me buy you a drink back at my place.

She takes my hand, says she'll have one. Listen, you have to understand that I am wearing a silk mask.

My apartment on Bowery Street is a big box, an empty theater—\$25,000 a month for high ceilings, bland drama-studio floors, and large windows. No furniture, just some stacksheets and a garage underneath (unlocked) on my bedroom floor.

I don't think much, so I just sit singing, the cheap kind that was sold in the seventies. Two-handed glasses and one finger (kind of a conundrum). Later, it's around 10 pm, piano bends, saluted for green keys, her head up, her eyes closed. She plays me "Fire Eyes" because I tell her it's one of my mother's favorite, though she has a 1. She stands up with my thoughts, watching her, and she is playing with such gusto that her chin and face are clenching frantically downward against the soft red couch she's on, and I can see her hands like they're in pain, and I get up that she is forcing them, like someone interested in drawing up the stony well left her there; that she is being held firmly inside.

I think about the show she is in putting on, and I get so worked up that when we finally do it, I can't get up.

That's okay, she goes to sleep. Then a guy. We have our whole future fast that. Just hold me.

The girl is naked, her body is dynamic, her mouth is hard wood.

so there for a while trying to think of the right thing to respond.

On Prince there is a briefcase-faced Asian woman holding a length of a stack of children's T-shirts. There is a whoreson. Marilou said, that's right, sometime in New York City we had this. This is inappropriate, because she's all about New York, she's from Sweden with a machine, and wouldn't the kind of individual in over it (appropriate intentions? It wouldn't be for Marilou but for her mother?)

Just as this is heading over a Tuesday, Mary-Kate says. Her voice is a whooo, and in my head I can see her big gassy pony on that driven child-star face. She's asking about some party, will I be there, so Los Angeles. She's saying I have to be there. It'll be the party of the season. Like we are in period costumes, I am Cleopatra again, and she is my friend egyptian.

Like all of us. We go through phases. I've been a young sol, I've soft-headed on stretch just to see how much I could get. Then breakdancer. I fell into Michelle. I saw morning coffee in her eyes, this stable Romantic future with sweet-hair sex and bright lighting. And it was wonderful for a while. I used to say we'd be the best in each other's life, like she was pouring her body made of stone and I would hold her inside of it, so that when we wanted to make love all I had to do was right my wrist.

But the tick came back—I guess it always does. And Mary-Kate is not what you think. She comes off like a statue, something hollow that things pass through. But it's more an interior strength than a rapid and she once told me, Growing up is one half of something made up, if I had to over-express it would be worth a whole. Then I realized it was the greatest fail.

I have a bundle of nothing place every where here. I go.

She's the only person at the last month what has seen me cry. She's loaded in, in this tight dress these issues we've talk about that make her sadness snap, and she's over it now. Truly I've never seen her laid-up like it happens to her, and she just regards the situation like it's a cold stone and no blood should come from it. Nothing really changes in those pale-tinted eyes, but her shell-shocked, muckered-off torso (I think it's like Marley and mezzanine this buckled-out Husky-cut). Quarries pop up. A quid of Oliveira Mountain, scared and invisible, they helpless hands chelid-on and tied up in a centerpiece. I tell her, You're talented. Let them see your real face.

I tell her now, on the phone. I'm sorry. I just can't look at

12.20.08 MY GRIEFS

7:04 A.M. I wake up early. I get maybe two hours of sleep, at best. I don't realize it's long, then immediately power-sleep across my shoulders and get out of bed in this naked body, and I am aware of the very physicalness of myself. I look in the mirror, and this is one of those lucky times when I don't care if the mirror screws the face or the loose-limbed body puts the grease on my face, my not-great hair, a body that is in good form, a body for sex and for running, but just as much for one as for the other.

Then the door before her she wake up beside her there's nothing worse than using the spider status of maniac on the forty-fifth-best-of-an overnight manager. I'll write a note like THE BOSS OR YOUR BOSS, LEAVE YOUR NUMBER INSIDE THE TOILET.

There is no dream catcher over the toilet.

7:37 A.M.

I walk to Mulberry. I get the croissant-and-a-coffee for breakfast at the only place in Little Italy that's open early enough for me. I'm catching up on my e-mails. There's one from Michelle, with an attachment. It's Marilou in a little Swedish enameled outfit. I

try to call her, but she's not home. I have a quick bite and the New York Times Monday crossword. I've heard guys with Woody Allen glasses that Marley's crossword is a celeb cultist. Marlo's it's because I'm not American, or maybe I'm not smart enough, but Marley is failing to impress. That Marley.

So I sit there with the puzzle, a Universal literates pen, and instead of the right answers I just write each letter of my dog's last name in every box. Herter's Mat. There's a Matels Mat. That's a Mat.

Soon the whole box is completed with the letters of her name and it's an artwork (unconscious). I stare at it for a long while, and finally I see I've got the right answers after all.

TUESDAY

1.22.08 RAIN MAN COMETH

7:42 A.M.

I wake up to notes in my speakers, I have Mack Dealer in my CD player, he must have been to there in a loop from last night.

But something happens on the way to eternal sleep. It's not Dealer's music but a dead-mute voice that comes out at me from the floor. Marilou died. Terri, mom, but I am half asleep and after all, I am the Jester. I've got the guy now. The knight in shining armor. The highschooler who gets the girl. I fucking Tell Dylan.

Dealer says I am a consuming man, too.

I'm confused by this, but I am also somewhat confirmed. Because in this music. I always hear the words and the melody of a little sleepless soul, but you know I made a short film about his suicide. (The Purists.) The DNA string of our matching pants, lyrics by myself by lyric.

Listening, he whispers. It's dark, low whisper. It'll be the moon to overwhelmed.

After I died, people dissected me. They put words in my mouth. That is how I feel when you write this, that was what I thought of one this is who helped her. Fuck them. But also about them. They made me famous. Immortal. Suddenly, my songs, which were strange and well-conceived, now were words missing. When you lose, you become a Virgin Mary, an unmatchable clothed thing with a golden heart and a stuck heart. You live yourself, and she wins you. You have no voice, and as a million people breathe and talk for you. Your art is there on. Your socket is there temple, your last words are the next in your consciousness.

Remember this, he continues. When you're chosen, say you are Old Men River, till then it was the River Man who went poor.

Inside "River Man" is the tale of an aging former singer "Old Men River" are the words that Michelle wrote on my arm a few years back, which I later named legphase. They are the last words I will have.

And that's it goes basic to human, human as a dark flower. And I understand. Just like that, I get it.

TUESDAY

1.22.08 THE FINAL CURTAIN

7:42 A.M.

So here I am, my lastact. I'm taking a bath. I'm writing it no you won't.

For those of you who will try to do for Marley's life by my death. Don't. I wasn't really failed up. I made errors, mistakes, redoses. But I was playing. I was a good job myself. I was not a knight. I was not a superhero. I was not a legend. I was not the greatest lover in the world. I was a confused celebrity with a nose made, a few good roles in my pocket, and no fucking idea what to do.

And for those of you who will construct stories about me. The writer who served me breakfast on Friday, when, fuck, I win in London. The girl who tongue-kissed me by the light of Marques on Monday, when I was sitting in room clipping my fingernails. Did you ever see myself? People saw me in places I wasn't. And me say change I didn't.

You see you never really see me. You see me in the dark, believe-

Crossword



ing into a screen, you see me while you and I eat your greasy-fried movie with popcorn, while you pressed the DVD player to go home again, while your soul as well asks dying to turn that fucking thing off, while poor busted love-priest of a lesbian told you, If Heath Ledger is as fucking gay as, why don't you go fuck him, and ask him to pay the tuition for our mom son at Penn State.

No. Name. Mary-Kate-Jack. We'll all grieve. We begged you to leave us, we just didn't expect it would go this far. We didn't expect you to pull a drop of our sweat in silay or build a shrine to our testicles in what was once your chick's playroom. Like all of us, we accepted the weight of our desire. We understood the consequences.

What I'd ask of you, our of respect, not for me—it's don't and bleed to know—but for the living I'd, to leave it alone. Don't ravage my hair few days, because these could be your last few days. Pay your own part.

And don't tell me what I did. I didn't play the piano or fuck Landay-Landay or fill my greedy bags to the brim at the Venus Film Festival. In fact, I am not even I did too much that you personally should remember beyond make a bittersweet little girl, the one thing every girl wants to be able to say to her dad.

So that's it, my final word about Marley. She is what lives on. The rest is just half-life.

BUT DIDN'T THERE'S A SCRATCHING? like we're listening to a record, and the music drops off! I'll just like that. I don't know if I'll do you, but for me, I've got to play one more time and everything really might break, like a fastball. Everything is clear as rock. And then you go back to sleep again. One last punch-drunk opening of the eyes is what you get, and guess what—it's enough.

So her, baldy, why so serious? Cheesy. It'll all part of the plan it

Parrot on "The Last Days of Hank Leger," see "Black Story Pictures," page 10.

Man's Gotta Eat

ESPECIALLY WHEN HE WORKS AROUND FOOD ALL DAY, WE ASKED EIGHT OF NEW YORK'S RESTAURANT POWER-HOUSES TO SIT DOWN IN THEIR FAVORITE RESTAURANT AND DINE IN TO THEIR FAVORITE MEAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY LUTTWYLER

JOHN McDONALD

Owner of Urban Oyster, Gramercy Park, and Chophouse Restaurants; www.urban-oyster.com; 22 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011; 212-647-2600

There's a lot of interest

in the oyster, so there's not only the right or left pan oysters, but also of course oysters from over like France, Italy, Ireland, etc. Great steaks, a phenomenal restaurant, cheap oysters, lots of oysters, though, plus you don't have to eat oysters.

What's the best way to order at a restaurant?

I usually ask the waiter what the most popular dishes are, and then I ask what's good, but that's a broad-minded question. If you're not concerned the number-one-selling dish is, that tends to be easier commanding them what they think is good.

Two Patron Gold rum (\$24.95) from Bar Covino, coffee (\$10) (\$20) by Patisserie, cake (\$20) by Ladurée, housemade Margherita cheese soufflé with parmesan chips (\$20) from the Gramercy Tavern, \$20 for a three-course plated lunch menu at Gramercy Tavern (\$20) by Gramercy Tavern.



CRAIG KOKETSU

Executive chef at Park Avenue
Steaks and Grilled Wheats, executive
pastry chef at Savor, a store at Bal Harbour
and prime events (305) 662-1212; at
Casa, 228 Bayfront Street, Miami Beach, FL 33132

When you go to a new place, do you research? That means Googling? No, it's like going there a movie. You don't want to read too many reviews and ruin the experience, so I like to go to a new place completely cold.

Are they a restaurant or a
casual-eatery joint?
They tend to be a little more
casual and the atmosphere won't be
there that's on the regular menu.
There are always exceptions,
especially when dinner comes
long and chatty and someone's talking
business or whatever that's over
there. I watch to the menu.

Two-button wool suit (\$4,450),
cotton shirt (\$295), silk tie (\$200); men's
lounge-chair issues (\$450); men's
dressing-Pierre Cardin; men's
shoes (\$1,200); men's
shirt (\$100); belt (\$100)

WESLEY GENOVART

Executive chef at Degustation,
including the grand-duchy hotel's
sister hotel, Hotel Bel-Air, 200 E. 72nd
Street, New York, NY 10021

A Japanese restaurant in
your travel destination in New York?
Really?

With Japanese food, we're not my
favorite restaurants. It's because they
cost so much. I'm not a fan of what
the food is. And this is one place I
like the food is light and delicious,
and it's one of those places that
when I eat here, I always feel good.
Even after the wallet what's gained
and the around?

Not bad. I like the service, especially
when they bring water glasses.
Know what I'm going to like. And
not that restaurant stands out in all
about—orderig and eating well.
I like it!

The Baldwin wool suit (\$3,250), cotton
shirt (\$2,400), and tie (\$2,200);
Polo dress-pant trousers (\$2,600);
Dermont Venetian leather jacket
with silk lining (\$1,400); Armani
Brooks (Phone: (305) 595-4949).

PIERO TROTTA

Wine director at Ben Gourmet, eating crispy duck breast with cornmeal risotto and sautéed Asp (220) at Ristorante Due, 25 Little West Twenty-third Street, 212-642-2234.

Come here often?

I don't have a lot of time to eat at night because I'm working at my own restaurant, so I like to go to a place where I can come here at 7:00 or 8:00 and get a great meal. And how do you choose your wine?

Whenever I go, it always just the sommelier or when also has what his choices is good with the food that I'm serving.

What if you get a bad sommelier?

Boring wine director of a restaurant. Please

what's good for my kind of food, so I trust that answer. The director knows what's good for that kind of food.

Should someone tell her about something wrong with food?

Never. It's someone else's job like their wine, they should ask for the person in charge of wine and point out that they don't like it. When

I'm put in that position, I tell the customer, "It

this is not what you're looking for, I'll try to understand what you're looking for." One of the things I hate the most is to drink a bad bottle of wine.

Doesn't he have more choices? 22,000 different ones! 20,000 will be around, and all prices range from \$300 to \$3,000. We've got Krug, Dom Pérignon, Martini, magnum, etc. or \$2,000. Dom Pérignon, you know, that's like a class. Dom Pérignon, Dom Pérignon, Dom Pérignon.

Like a class system.



ABE

CHILI GARLIC CONFIT

MUSSEK POTATOES

MAPLE BROWN BUTTER AMARETTI

SOY SPROUTS

CIPOLLINI ONION

CON

JANA C KF

NILLA ICE

BUTTER

P D

MON

CE

RED

MALBEC, BUDIN

RIOJA, SIERRA

SYRAH- GRENADE

MERLOT, PANAMA

CABERNET, HARD

PINOT NOIR, LIMA

ROSSO

MICHAEL
PSILAKIS

Executive chef and co-owner of Abe's, located in Los Angeles. Call 323-657-1212 or email mpsilakis@abe.com

Yvette pretty (mostly) with the right wine, the food is great.

Yvette likes Abe's because it's always clean, the food is all the time. Most likely greatest hour of my life, and the best thing I've ever eaten. It's been especially nice to come here because the food is always freshly prepared and delicious.

What's your best kept secret?
That I go to the same place often.

Seriously!

I just have the time to do it because we are so busy.
I like to go to Abe's if we are having a special occasion or just want to eat well.
I eat there way too much.
I just love the food and taste and service. The experience is at different levels. Gold really like local.

What's your favorite dish at Abe's?
Ceviche. It's like... um... um...
OMG! I can't even... it's delicious.
An innovative, leather-coated
dinner by Michael Psilakis. Photo: Michael

CHRIS SESSION

Mother of all Puffs, evening wear
shaped like a bracket, price of
single piece, 140 Fifth Avenue
(212) 349-1980.

This is a very, very Greek restaurant.

I am in love with Greek food which
I grew up eating. I spent for
about four years, and it has of
course been a great experience.
The food is delicious, the service is
fantastic, the atmosphere is
wonderful.

Care you ever just sit at a table and enjoy your meal without thinking like a tourist?

It's absolutely impossible for
me to do that. I have to make
sure there is something added to
this meal or that someone's trying
to keep down their check.

That must get annoying.

I've met too many friends who
are like, just sit down and shut up.
Can you tell where a restaurant is?
How do you get to the train station?
You can usually talk. Maybe
they're tourists just in a
conversation or maybe people just really
behind schedule. If that's nothing
they can do, then you'd have to
figure out if you want to eat.

Where do you travel the world?

Throughout the world.

And how about?

Usually Inter-walking.

Two-blade-must刀削面 (212) 2959
and even more here! CHINESE FINE
ARTS (212) 2959 and
will be (212) by Chinese American
Cultural Institute and Regaline
ring (212) by David Fornier.

NEIL FERGUSON

Executive chef at Alton & DeMers, rating: The Meringue Farm Egg with Foraged Mushrooms, Stone Potatoes, Greens, and Lettuce-and-Miso Broth
(212) 420-1212, 270 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Why like HLP?

It's the kind of food that's so well-thought-out and
delicious and all that—and when I eat there
the chef communicates points off
his plate on a great show and I had a great
experience.

Do you read reviews or reviews before
trying new places, or do you rely on

word of mouth?

Both. Of my current list of places I went to last
year a lot of them have come from word of
mouth.

And then do you have certain rules to eat?

If it's bad word of mouth, I'll eat wherever
conveniently until I find a good one.
But if it's good, I'll stick to the place.

And you travel the world?

Non-fiction travel (212) 2959 to start,
and lots of other issues (212) by Chinese American
Cultural Institute (212) by Alton Brown, (212)
CHI-chengrants with nothing else (212) 2959
Chinese American Cultural Institute (212) by Alton Brown
(212) 2959 by Michael



For more information, see page 100. Photos: GUY LAWRENCE AND
CONTRIBUTOR; WORKING BY CHI-CHENG RANTS, CHI-CHENG RANTS BY VICTORIA
GRIGOREV; TOP: DAVID FORNIER

What I've Learned

Leslie Nielsen

Actor, 82, Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Interviewed by Cal Fussman / Photograph by Jeff Minton

► **It was a bop's name first.**

► **One thing:** a person won't do when he's laughing is try to beat you up.

► **When I was a boy,** I delved into a magazine on my bicycle at the below. The weird part is, I wanted to impress the girls, so I had to look good. I couldn't wear a hat with the feathers. That import the were. So I'd get some water through my hair and push that were up over my face hand. Then I'd put on costume and spontaneously... it would freeze.

► **On the Arctic Circle,** where I grew up, laughter is part of the day. Nobody wants to hear you say, "Gee, it's really cold."

► **There are many lessons** my father gave me. But there was one that always stuck with me: He said to me, "Just remember; never say 'That's it.' Say 'There's'."

► **If you're going fishing,** make sure you don't bring your spouse whale hair with you. A spouse whale goes down to ninety-five hundred feet and can hold its breath for eighty minutes.

► **Always eat old** costs a spouse whale, when you put it as the last, just click it.

► **If you have a long time to realize that it came from a dysfunctional family,** trust me, you know, at least. I had the revelation.

► **I recommend** as a young man seeing the death of a station, with Lee J. Cobb. When the play was over, suddenly in the audience started. All you could hear was a little muffled. The silence was just overwhelming. It was a remarkable demonstration of the power of the theater. I'll never forget that. Never.

► **You, sir, truly,** I've been called the Laurence Olivier of spoofs. I guess that would make Laurence Olivier the Leslie Nielsen of Shakespeare.

► **There's an old saying** that God exists in your search for him. I just went you a counterfeiter that I isn't looking.

► **There's a fast machine** that I usually bring with me. I was at a bar once, going down rows of the girls, and these two girls were in a confrontation and things were getting a little dicey. As I sat in between the two of them, I said, "Where's the job?" I've straight back there!" *Faster* (apparently). Well, they guys look at each other and then look at me, and they both start laughing. Right now.

► **People ask me,** "What would you like to be remembered by?" It really doesn't make any difference. I've done *Airplane*, three *Naked Gun*, *Wrongfully Accused*, and *Desperately Seeking Sue*. The way I look at it, I've built up a little pyramid and it's gonna be around for as long as people have eyes to see.

► **You can't be a cop** and survive well without a sense of humor.

► **I've been honored** by many police departments, but this very sort of now it is. I was playing in a celebrity golf tournament with presidents. Clinton was there, and Carter. We're going around at leathers. There was still a course with the cart, and this guy walked over, supposedly in front of me, stands at attention, and says, "Sir, Sir." And thus he salutes me.

► **When you're signing an autograph,** there are people who want to give you directions. "Will you please write 'Don't tell our Shirley'?" When there are lots of people waiting, people should understand that it takes over a song.

► **What I'm supposed** was that I left my daughter with four friends who were babysitting by the pool. I said, "Hey, keep your eyes on Mason." She was twelve or point odd at the time. Well, they started talking. I cosa the yard, goop these stains, and see her at the bottom of the pool. You reluctantly I remember driving into this pool and probing her the splintered when she woke up, so she wasn't drowning. She hadn't been down for that long. After I drove she was okay, two feelings ran through me. I was glad at my friends for not watching her. And, not that I was a hero or anything, but it did really good to know that without even thinking, I would do anything to save her. The feeling that I had when it occurred is no different than it is now at the thought of it.

► **I don't like onions,** because you can't use the other side.

► **The whole world** had about conceivable doubts. My critics. I have a reasonable doubt that me and O.J. could have done it.

► **I recommend** a body lives the police department is gonna open up the door to get out, and he pushed against it but it didn't fully open. I thought, like maybe six years older than I am, Jesus Christ, is that what they call getting old?

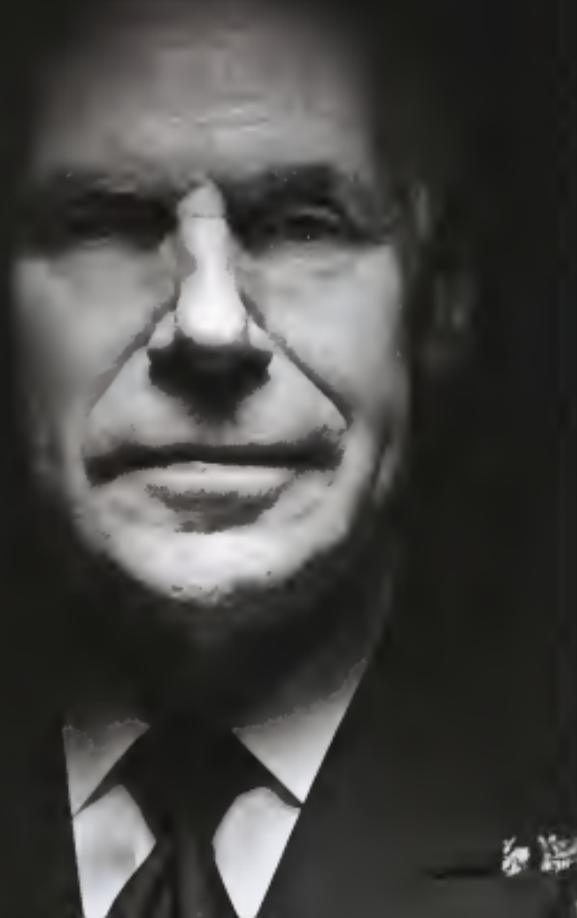
► **The reason** there's a question mark on my shirt above my right shoulder is I forgot my address.

► **Living in** Fort Lauderdale makes me feel like I'm always on vacation.

► **Even though** I round Barbados without being aware of her love. I remember one time Barbados looked at me and said, "Are you aware how much I love you?" And I said, "Well, I have some idea." She said, "Do you know, if anything at all should happen to you, I think I would kill myself?" There was a long pause. Then she said, "How do you feel?" I'll never forget that one.

► **I really have** to keep an eye on myself, because sometimes I think I might say something important.





As head of U.S. Central Command, Admiral William "Fox" Fallon is in charge of American military strategy for the most troubled parts of the world, including the entire Middle East. As hawks in Congress and at the Pentagon planned for war with China, Fallon instead urged cooperation with the Chinese. And now, as the White House has been escalating the war of words with Iran, and seeming ever more determined to strike militarily before the end of this presidency, the admiral has instead urged restraint and diplomacy. In the end, who will prevail, the president or the admiral?

THE MAN BETWEEN WAR AND PEACE

By Thomas F.W. Barnett

Photographs by Peter Tang

1.

IF IN THE DYING light of the Bush administration, we go to war with Iran, it'll all come down to one man. ¶ If we do not go to war with Iran, it'll come down to the same man. ¶ He is that rarest of creatures in the Bush universe: the good cop on Iran, and a man of strategic brilliance. His name is William Fallon, although all of his friends call him "Fox," which was his fighter-pilot call sign decades ago. Forty years into a military career that has seen this admiral rule over America's two most important combatant commands, Pacific Command and now United States Central Command, it's impossible to make this guy—as he likes to say—"nervous in the service." ¶ Past American governments have used saber rattling as a useful tactic to get some bad actor on the world stage to fall in line. This government hasn't mastered that kind of subtlety. When Dick Cheney has rattled his saber, it has generally meant that he intends to use it. And in spite of recent war spasms aimed at Iran from this sclerotic administration, Fallon is in no hurry to pick up any campaign medals for

Iraq. And the risk has the rub for the hard-liners led by Cheney Army General David Petraeus, demanding America's forces in Iraq, may say, "You cannot win in Iraq" but Fox Fallon is Petraeus's boss, and he is the commander of United States Central Command, and Fallon doesn't mind Petraeus's logic so much war against Iraq.

So while *Afghan* Fallon's boss, President George W. Bush, regularly reads talk shows to way to World War III and his administration usually casts Iranian general Mohamed Ghannouchi, just as this secretary of State is known to have once been, as deadly efficient, it's left to Fallon—and apparently Fallon alone—is arguing that, as he told *Al-Jazeera* last fall, "This war against Iran is not a choice...it's helpful and not useful. I expect that there will be no war, and that is what we ought to be working for. We ought to try to do our utmost to reduce different conditions."

What Fallon needs, Fallon says, is a "combination of strength and willingness to engage."

They are fighting words to your average neocon—not because they may suggest a liberal, a good many of whom in Washington seem never to have served in uniform. But what those war-dishonest men and women can easily find yourself defending your and their no-to "war on terrorism."

Now does Fallon get away with so brazenly challenging his commander-in-chief?

The answer is that he might not get away with it if much longer President Bush is not accompanied to a subordinate who speaks as soundly as Fallon does, and the president may have had enough.

Just as Fallon took over CENTCOM last spring, the White House was putting itself on a war footing with Iran. Almost instantly Fallon began to coolly push back against what he saw as misinformed action. Over the course of 2007, that last statement is

JUST AS Fallon took over CENTCOM last spring, the White House was putting itself on a war footing with Iran. Almost instantly Fallon began to coolly push back against what he saw as misinformed action.

the press grew increasingly *dismissive* of the possibility of war, creating serious friction with the White House. Long before this, when the National Intelligence Estimate downgraded the intelligence needed to invoke Iran, informed anti-Iranian action was justified, but still well-placed observers now say that it was an surprise of Fallon's belief of his command that has us up next spring, right or not, in that summer's favor of a commander-in-chief. When *Newsweek* named Fallon as most plausible. If that were to happen, it may well mean that the president and vice-president intend to take military action against Iran before the end of this year and don't want a commander standing in their way.

And so Fallon, the good cop, may soon be unemployed because he's doing what generation of young officers in the U.S. military are now openly complaining about: that their leaders don't do as much *stuff* in the run-up to the write Iraq. He's unwilling to update the commander-in-chief, when he thinks he's communicating a more gently assertive war.

It's not that Fallon is maxed out—anything but. "When I look at the Middle East," he says late one recent night in Afghanistan, "I'll just sit back double on the sofa."

When Fallon is nervous, his voice is fearfully and he tends to speak in measured tones that taken together are, how no fear Let Washington be temperate. Whenever I am in the center of the storm

Iran Fallon is an solitary tollbooth's hand on the nuclear question. He is in peace in the West. He is comfortable, as he is based at MacDill Air Force Base in Florida, and simply has, as one aide puts it, "nothing else to do" about the region. Fallon is a man alone. It's a part of the way he web: "Fox" is the pete holding over, our nation can afford to be measured by one problem."

And it comes to war?

"It arrives," the admiral says. "These guys are nuts. When the time comes, you crush them."

2.

TWELVE HUNDRED Fallon's past has Fallon picking up his greaser and, inevitably, fistfights. Smart guy that he is, Robert Gates, the incoming secretary of defense, brought Fallon of Pacific Command, where he'd been madly making peace with the Chinese, so that he could, among other things, provide a link to the up-to-grade General David Petraeus in Iraq.

As the head of U.S. Central Command, Fallon has the desert that stretches from East Africa to the Caspian border—a fractured landscape with Iraqi oil fields and Afghanistan to the west and tens of thousands of American boots already on the ground in both. Fallon's a loner in one corner, threatening to boil over and agitate nuclear plutonium kettles upon the world; in another, the Green Strip continues to lay like a shimmering and upward, the pan-Soviet Republics of Central Asia, the "Stans, ride along under deserts so vast from the eyes of the earth to the horizon of your mind. And right in the middle lies Iraq.

Where there's power in the region, however, it's not far off of Where there's power, how do you contain it or end it? Where there are threats, how do you counter them? For starters, you might

ask Fallon to do all named at them. Instead, it's named at governments and ends in this region. You can talk about the White House. He points to the ground, gazing across "This is my center of gravity. That is my job."

Fallon was quickly opposed to a long-term surge in Iraq, because more of our military resources demand. Diagrams it harder to come up with a comprehensive strategy for the Middle East, and he's low on what he needs to fight it. He also knows that sometimes a situation can just strike the same people or naming "center to stated policy." But last, he says, "yesterday I'm speaking in front of 200 Egyptian journalists over lunch here in Cairo, and these guys keep holding up newspapers and asking, 'Is that true?' and me explaining, 'Please' I need to present the threats and capabilities in the aggregate language. That's one of my duties."

Fallon explains his approach to less the same way he explains why he doesn't make Al Qaeda the focus of his regional strategy in Central Command. "What's the best and most effective way to combat Al Qaeda? We tend to make mistakes or isolate a threat about 15 years apart every five years. I mean from the school of 'Walk softly and carry a big stick'."

Fallon is the Americas at the center of every circle in this part of the world. And it is a testament to his skill, and to the future of American hegemony, that no man is better positioned to do himself. He spends very little time at Congress, headquartered in Tampa, and instead constantly "flawed," as the more between Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan and all the Stans of Central Asia.

He was with Fallon's strongest Perves Marshall of the day before he declared emergency rule last fall. "I'm not the chief diplomat of this country, and certainly not the secretary of state," Fallon says in Rabat's Green Zone the night before. "But I am close to the problems." So, he says, that leaves him no choice but to

JUST AS Fallon took over CENTCOM last spring, the White House was putting itself on a war footing with Iran. Fallon began to coolly push back against what he saw as misinformed action.

fall into some friends. Which is what Fallon was doing recently on a tour of his area of responsibility.

It's late November, when the National Intelligence Estimate downgrades the intelligence needed to invoke Iran, informed anti-Iranian action was justified, but still well-placed observers now say that it was an surprise of Fallon's belief of his command that has us up next spring, right or not, in that summer's favor of a commander-in-chief. When *Newsweek* named Fallon as most plausible. If that were to happen, it may well mean that the president and vice-president intend to take military action against Iran before the end of this year and don't want a commander standing in their way.

And so Fallon, the good cop, may soon be unemployed because he's doing what generation of young officers in the U.S. military are now openly complaining about: that their leaders don't do as much *stuff* in the run-up to the write Iraq. He's unwilling to update the commander-in-chief, when he thinks he's communicating a more gently assertive war.

It's not that Fallon is maxed out—anything but. "When I look at the Middle East," he says late one recent night in Afghanistan, "I'll just sit back double on the sofa."

When Fallon is nervous, his voice is fearfully and he tends to speak in measured tones that taken together are, how no fear Let Washington be temperate. Whenever I am in the center of the storm

work these issues, day to day to day.

Later that night, I am sitting with Fallon deep in the compound that encompasses the presidential palace and the International Security Assistance Force. We are alone inside the cramped office of Fallon's chief political affairs officer.

Fallon had spent seven hours with "Mark" the day before in Islamabad, discussing his trip to Afghanistan. The press coverage would emphasize how Fallon had already won Mark's trust not to expose our gray play. But on that night, the admiral seems to have done just by the door my press notes many negative implications. As he talks, Fallon calmly takes off the shade blinds that sleep his eyes pass to his regulation tan leather. It's been after a long day that reflected meetings with President Karzai and his leadership to Khost, Osmani and Lashkar-e-Perva. He's exhausted. But it was the usual few sentences to Fallon that is the focus of the world. Fallon has been through this before.

"I didn't sleep much," Fallon says about his talk with Mullah. "In a previous life, I had a bad case of insomnia—every so often I'd fall asleep in Thailand, and a band of the military took over. So I talked to the president for quite a while yesterday, both with the ambassador and then those. We walked me through his rationale for what he was going to do and why he was going to do it and why he thought he had to do it. We talked about who's planning his door for that, the drawbacks of this,



• At Fallon's 60th birthday party in April 2007, he was the toast of the USAF. From the deck of the USS *Ranger* off Manama, Bahrain, he was the top U.S. carrier commander during his career. (Left) Perfect Matchmaking! April 2007: A briefing in the ready room before the USS *Messanah* (CG-54), 41st RIMPAC exercise chief at right; Fallon, and Lieutenant Commander Brian "Brett" Morris, a maintenance manager last year. (Bottom left) Fallon and his wife, Karen, at a retirement dinner last year. (Bottom right) Fallon's replacement as the director of the Air Materiel Agency, Major General Michael J. Thompson, in the same room.

what could happen, and how that could affect a spate of things. At the end of the day, it's his country and he's the boss of it, and he's going to make his decision."

Before he walked into that room in Bahrain, Fallon had plenty of calls from Washington with instructions to pressure Muammar over those pack.

"I'll talk to him," Fallon replied. "There's an awful lot of them that could benefit. So I'll do it in a professional manner, because I still have to work with him."

Afghan advanced requested the exchange, but even so far, he has steadily has shifted on his desire to be more involved than simply static. He is neither an ideal nor a fanatical US policy, he has the most volatile combinations of forces in the world, yet he strongly cautions: "Did I tell President Bush that this is not a recommended course of action? Of course. Did I tell him there are very negative effects that could result? Of course. Is he aware of that?" You
"He's made his calculations. He feels very strongly that he's

"Fallon's defining pretty soon right now because they've been able to inflict pain on us. And when you're able to inflict pain on us as an adversary, Fallon may... be the tried and true... they really work.... The fact is that everyone needs something in this world."

responsible for his country (his alternative is a coup d'etat). That would not be the most helpful thing for his country."

Why not?

"It's a very immature democracy. Look at the history of the place: it's rough. Muammar knows his country. He knows what he's got. Their history, their tribes. There's that group which was nothing more than to start war with India, another group that wanted take over the PATA [Formerly Administered Tribal Areas], another group that wanted take over parts of Afghanistan. They've got a rough road. Most goes to his position do."

As for Washington's own due diligence, Fallon's return to the country would fit all that. Fallon is pessimistic. He slowly shakes his head. "Better forget that."

Less than two months later, of course, his naif prophecy will be confirmed when Bin Laden is murdered by soldiers in Rawalpindi.

Meanwhile, Fallon sees that with U.S. planes in the offing to arm Pakistan's tribal agent Al Qaeda and the Taliban in the PATA, now would not be the time to be pushing the democratic agenda in Pakistan.

When Fallon is asked about Muammar, "How long do you expect to have to do it?" the general answered, "Six days." And twenty-four hours later, Fallon counseled patience. After all, he said, think about how strong America's military relationship is with Egypt despite Hosni Mubarak's twenty-seven-year "emergency rule."

But that doesn't mean the relationship-building remains limited to just Muammar, and in the next of Fallon's long-day multidimensional waist-up networking with General Ashfaq Kayani, former chief of Pakistan's much-flawed and unimpressive intelligence service and now chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Fallon's words were to be pushed aside. Kayani is the shaggy dogster to replace him.

But that is to the point for Fallon. Known best among the operational point men for any measured collaboration between the U.S. and Pakistani army to tackle the issues of the PATA, which a Centcom senior intelligence official calls "the big elephant in the closet."

That's pretty grim. The tribal region is where, according to our own National Intelligence Estimate last year, Al Qaeda was reconstituting its operational capacity, and was owing its strongest position in north Waziristan.

As with Pakistan, Fallon keeps his powder dry when he deals with Iran. He does receive frequent intelligence briefings but one that can hardly stay away little longer. He emphasizes the basic rule of international diplomacy: Everybody gets a voice.

"Iranian living pretty much right now because they've been able to inflict pain on us in Iraq and Afghanistan." So the truck, as Fallon's mind is, is "to try to figure out what it is they're really doing and, then, maybe just that we're going to pass a Glass, here or the Good Humor Man—just the fact that everyone needs something in this world, and so most countries are functional and are contributing to the world have found a way to make off their strengths for other strengths to help them out. These guys are trying to go it alone. In this respect, and as a big group pool right now. It's not a win with much longevity. So they play them and pretty quickly, and at some point you just kind of run

out of gas, it's time to use. You've got to play a real card."

And when the real cards finally get played, don't when Fallon double down.

3.

THE FIRST THING YOU notice is the face, the second is the voice.

A tall, very thin man with thinning white hair, Fallon comes off like a latter even when he's smiling in a crowd.

Despite having an easy smile that he rapidly pulls out for his many daily exercises in relationship building, Fallon's no-nonsense game face is a slightly pained off-glow. It's a tough Catholic boy from New Jersey, his favorite companion is "badass," Fallon's gotten a few more reputations, though no one loves talking to the man more than quite a few others why. There are the stories of his wilder days as a young officer, not the partying and fun but more the variety of roles he's cut in the free-lancing period, and he's been known as anything but a dove in his various commands, which makes him a role model to champion for engagement with both China and India. All the same, though.

To keep with the naval officer tradition of cross-investigating himself, Fallon can without reason call the man off-piste and independent shibe. But it's more the intimation of his fluidity that his success than has the greatest effect. And Fallon has recently discovered that his reputation can lead him to pen stories that might sound true but are not. Last fall, it was reported in the press that Fallon had called General Petras on an "extremely brief" check-in, for being so willing to serve at the administration's political frontlines on the Iraq surge. The old man had add in press that it hadn't happened like that—that that's not how it operates, and in fact says he wills with Petraeus, the two are not two men in the room—the advisor and the general—and their exchanges remain private. And when they're not in the same room, "We's a-mic-a-the other constantly on talk-phone just about every day." Just the two of them, he says. No outsiders allowed. The press sources had an exclusive interview with Fallon and Biden when the subject came up, he dismisses it with a wave of his hand.

"And that's it," Fallon sniffs.

Fallon and his executive assistant, Captain Craig Fallon, say that they both suspect "that's right" to be behind the story. Interwar rivalry strongly among a strong and Admiral Fallon is the first man to be a hero of Centcom, so it's not hard for him to snare some body from the Army snarling the pot.

Fallon says the tip off that the story was bogus was the word "checkmate." "My last call I was laughing about that one, saying they knew the story wasn't true because I never saw that word."

So put Fallon down as a "bad lad" and not a "checkmate" kind of guy.

And in truth, Fallon's not a careerman. Indeed, by long observation to the accents of a dozen people, he doesn't ne-

his voice whatever, except when he laughs. Instead, the more serious he becomes, the graver he gets, and his whispers sound positively reassuring. Other guys are pre-jewel; they went about the need for war-war with... whenever is today's target among D.C.'s many armchair warriors. Not Fallon. Let the president rip off Fallon's way. No bounds here, no sound-bite-satisfactions, but rather a call to war, lead by presence. Fallon is comfortable risking peace because he's comfortable waging war. And when he comes to negotiate the terms of the United States, he does it with the power of the cowboy style that has prevailed in Washington politics thus far, but with the opposite—a streaked quality that makes at once at him as trying to head them to hell with nothing but the sound of his voice.

So when, during a press conference in Astana, Kazakhstan, Fallon was asked, "The public behavior of [Russia] has been unhelpful to the region," with blurted-off guff and his slightly huffy delivery, he is saying, I'm not making you an offer, I'm telling you what your options are right now.

"You shall be playing a defensive role," he continues. "I hear that from every country in the region."

Birds neither do it, but if he has to go to war, these won't be my agency. White-on-green Pumas had shortening force to be reckoned long ago on the share over Yuzhnoe.

"It's very reasonably predictable to my own people, everybody unpredictable to personal adversaries," he teases.

No wonder Fallon sticks out like a sore thumb with the Russians, who have the unfortunate tendency to cast off as suspectable to their allies only those who belong to their enemies. Which is the opposite of strategy. He knows that stuff cold, because he's had to learn the stick for a very long time. The oldest of nine kids, Fallon's dad was a midshipman in New Jersey. New Jersey followed his World War II stint in the Army Air Corps. As a boy, Fallon delivered newspapers, bagged groceries, worked in the local Campbell's Soup plant, and would become the first in his family to attend college. He had a dandy apprenticeship, along with these of several of his seven brothers, naturally joined him in the direction of Naval brotherhood.

In his last congressional speechway his apprenticeship, and so Fallon became the most senior program attorney at Villanova, a Catholic University graduate's postdoctoral center in Pennsylvania. More than thirteen hundred former midshipmen—Fallon began his long climb through various posts in naval operations—had graduated from Villanova and Stevens, to the present of his graduation four thousand assignments that include vice chair of Navy Operations, commanding officer of the Atlantic Fleet, and then boss of Pacific Command and Central Command as rear admiral.

With his in Temple's department office last fall, I asked Fallon if he had made it. Or was assigned to be the same career-captain-projected-for his predecessor? He just laughed and said, "Clever rapping! How else can you demonstrate?"

At the time, I took this comment to be mere self-conceit. I have since come to think that Fallon was deadly serious.

We sat late, back at that local lounge in Rockville, after a brutal eight-hour day of wall-to-wall meetings and briefings, Fallon was in a rare positive mood, admitting that he never expected to stay so long in the service. At any time, the issue of whether Fallon's in uniform, and if you count his ROTTC time, he's been in for a whopping forty-five years total. And at this point—either even his dog-eared *The Stone*, Fallon seems to express that equal parts fatigue and bewilderment. "I've tried to be running start-up company by now," he says. But nothing else comes up.



AS HE DESCRIBES THE INCIDENT, Fallon's vision
neighborhood behaves," he says. And his eyes

4.

WHEN THE ADMIRAL took charge of Pacific Command in 2002, he immediately set about to military-to-military outreach to the Chinese armed forces, something that had plenty of gripes looking out at the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill. The Chinese, after all, were scheduled to be our next war. What the hell was Fallon doing?

Contrary to some reports, though, Fallon says he initially did as much as then-secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld on the subject. "Early on, I talked to him [and] here's what I think. And I talked to the president, too."

It was only after the Pentagon and Congress had redlined their former "progress of review" (or, weapons system and major vehicle platform) that Fallon did his best talk to the other side. "I blow my stack," Fallon says. "I told them, 'Look, look at us. Go up to the hill and get three or four guys grabbin' hands and jerkin' us out of the hole, like ussons, an' breakin' up and then down the sky we're going to come in.'"

But Fallon stood down the China horizon, because as much as military leaders have slept fitfully, Fallon seems to understand better than most the role they also have to play in everything else beyond war. And like a good cop, Fallon doesn't want to fire his gun unless he absolutely has to. "I wouldn't have done what I did

if I didn't think so the right thing to do, which he'll do. China is our most important relationship for the future, given the realities of people, resources, and location. We've got to work hard and make sure we do our best to protect it."

But Fallon, that man an emphasis on opening new lines of communication and reducing the opacity for reason-depending delegations of crisis. But beyond that, Fallon is telling the Chinese, "If you want to be treated like a big boy and a major player, you've gotta act like it."

If you want recognition of your power, then you have to accept the responsibility that comes with such power. That's the message—lessons Fallon delivered to the Chinese, and if that cannot be seen on face with the Pentagon's smiley face, it's because he preferred pushing a grumpy response that signaled a world that still felt the old approach for North Korea to come in from the cold.

Fallon now borrows the same approach to him in Central Command. "I want to go through some things faster rather than a negotiation like, which is a bad problem." That said, and right on the heels of Secretary of Defense Robert Gates' meetings with Middle Eastern nations of defense, Fallon held a similar meeting of Persian Gulf chief of defense in Tampa earlier this year, something Casperian has never done before.

Could this be a participant in something like this closer the road?

"Oh, absolutely, absolutely. I'd like the Chinese," he says. "It would be great if Asia turned into a team that decided to play ball in the end."

So how does something like that happen?

How do we turn China into a responsible regional player? How can the United States even approach less when the regime seems

to believe that "China... 'This is not how a country that wants to be a big boy is the way you guys have to do it,'" Fallon says. "I am the responsible one."

population by only hard-line and ultraconservative?

You start down low, say one of Fallon's senior intelligence officials. For example, there's the chart on the wall illustrating the flow of narcotics from Afghanistan to Iran. "Iran has a huge drug problem," so that's a "posture and cooperative area." Most recently, the treasons presented to stop the flow of narcotics from Iran, especially contributing to the dramatic decline in U.S. casualties from roadside bombs. After three sets of talks with the treacherous summer that went nowhere, another round is being set up. If Fallon, that sort of engagement is essential, given America's overall lack of experience in dealing with Iran.

"I don't know as much as I'd like about them," he says. "We've got to go somewhere, to people in other countries. There aren't many Americans who've had direct experience with these guys. So that puts us back at a disadvantage. But as they're entering—internationally—it's about us. It makes it easier of a challenge."

Early in his tenure at Pacific Command, Fallon will be known that he was interested in visiting the city of Harbin on the bigly controlled and restricted Harbin-Guangzhou Military District on China's northeast border with Russia. The Chinese were fishbaggered at the request, but when Fallon convinced plane took off after dinner from Mongolian, heading for Harbin without permission, Beijing let loose.

The local Chinese commander was bendsomely it was the

first time in his life he had ever met an American military officer and here he was at the bottom of a pricing writing for the all-powerful head of the United States Pacific Command to descend. Then, to his horror, he realized that Fallon had brought his wife. Mary, along for the trip. Scratching so many strings the evening banquet, the Chinese commander brought his own wife out—available for the first time ever.

When the Chinese came for dinner that night, after the Chinese commander thanked Mrs. Fallon for coming, the colonel returned the favor by shaking the commander's wife for her many years of service as a military spouse. The commander's wife broke down in tears, saying it was the first time in her entire marriage that she had been publicly recognized for her many sacrifices. And there was peace in our time.

5.

FALLON IS WHAT IS called a "four-star action officer," meaning he's used to do two or three things himself. He spends no more than a week each month in Tampa, Custer's headquarters. Captain Fallon flies it in when it's time for federal holidays. Fallon's staff wouldn't know it was a day off even was.

Fallon travels at least three weeks out of each month, spending, on average, two weeks overseas, visiting the Horn of Africa, Central Asia, and South America. He travels to Iraq and Afghanistan every month. Like clockwork.

It's an unusually warm early-winter morning in Kabul, and Fallon is out in the field, walking勘界. And out of the president of the United States himself, this convoy is the richest and most appropriate inauguration in the world at present. So

everybody wears the heavy armor. Weighted down by a helmet that looks like five pencils—spiked threatily to his forehead—and shoulder-cams that pulse data down his biceps, I climb into the back of an armored Humvee that'll play third-man-in-invasion as it holds those valuable cargo. We are told to expect a shrapnel strike, as well as the vehicle that will routinely swerve from lane to lane to position itself to ram any thoughts that approach the command vehicle from the side.

I'm riding in a car with the biggest asshole in the world behind the wheel. We almost pass Fallon's vehicle—same olive green—only to slam on the brakes, roll back behind, lurch over to the other side, and do the same thing. A word of advice: Don't do this on a heavy loadback. Fallon's pressed a button, strapped in next to us, says our driver is actually being fairly explosive, as indeed the armored drivers. Their good robes to themselves are bullet-proof and children on a tour.

Thirty minutes later we're at the main gate of Parwan that has every entrance into the Green Zone, the place where of course McConnell's secretariat of never-ending doors, we arrive at a military airport where two black Hawk UH-60s are ready. It's not Fallon's usual advisor or the second car. I am strapped in to a four-point harness, the body brace keeping me well cushioned. Minutes after takeoff, as is the universal custom among military personnel, everyone but the personal-security detail salutes in-silence.

I am the incongruity that is the inauguration tour of Kabul.

Admiral Fallon

Surfing at highspeed, we're breasting over to jointly assess the situation as we travel to nearby Prome, said to be the place the Buddha was born, no more than a few miles from the sun and stars. Today I am east of Prome. Black Rock sits the western end of the range overlooking the city and the hills beyond. We're here to take a look at what our helo has done.

The view is stunning and reminds me why history and geography dominate so much of our lives here. Every road seems to be at the bottom of a narrow, meandering ravine and every ridge commands the flat land of America's Wild West days. More of the land they change may never be seen because it's been obscured by the shadows from our helos.

We shift from the black Hawks after marching down a long ridge located in the center of the valley. The plan is to move via Helo. I immediately see my eyes are drawn to the distant geological terrain. It's surreal, like a dreamer that has thoughtfully sought a refuge in the eye of the storm. Overhead the mountains meet, most of them two, except for one, reaching their peak in the center of the wide. The plan is to move via Helo. I immediately see my eyes are drawn to the distant geological terrain. It's surreal, like a dreamer that has thoughtfully sought a refuge in the eye of the storm.

We're at the leading edge of the 1200-foot-tall Barren Mountain, which is itself a small part of New Zealand's once-vast mountain range, which has since shrunk by about half the land area.

The camp is home to a Provincial Reconstruction Team headed by the Kwon, who work hard to give us G & S, State Department, USA Agency for International Development, and USAID partners a taste of integrated reconstruction while still in a province.

As we sit in a corner of a fenced food P-100 pickup, Fallon asks what I think our role is now. He wants me to rank his leadership qualities. He's not a good governor in Afghanistan. Pulling up is a local government function, we've got off the pickup and into large rooms containing hundreds of modest Afghan rigs and surrounded by even more modest couches. Just inside, we strip off the hats and rents and hang them onto spires of tribal ceremonial headgear in the center, all of whom seem to know my contacts.

Fallon—why a damn sort of thing so often, he seems to glide through the potential—arrives on Governor Mullah Saeed's or Mullah's—woman of average height who's dressed in a uniform sort of way—head covered by a turban. Despite all the accompanying ceremony, you've got to believe she's the legend Taliban talk at the same time.

He is moved and formal greetings are exchanged with no need for translation as the group is seated in a circle with a round table.

Once again the demonstrators had their last meeting, when Fallon ended their short stay without their interruptions.

It's a tricky moment for Fallon, because he's heavily criticizing Western aid and the military's unwise presence, yet the officials surrounding her are the US's best friends from around the city and the hills beyond. She's the right side and you might suddenly find yourself face to face with them for good.

The ISAF rep has "No, I wasn't, and I

proposed to look into it."

Fallon's on a roll now, and the governor is bristling, but his efforts soon lead into a horrendous exchange that no one in the room can fit. Fallon's central government simply does not prioritize this less-visited province. Fallon asks the senior American ISAF officer if the coalition could arrange a Bagram-based border post for the winter months. In return, he gets a complete non-answer post to review.

Fallon pulls back off and turns to the general. "I tell you what, I'm going to get a fat interview about here. Tell him he's lost. I don't think we can do anything for you this winter. However, I will try to get, from many miles away, a helicopter big enough to push the process for next year."

The governor immediately thanks Fallon.

Fallon doesn't let up with a series of questions about the length and complexity of USAID's planning process. This is to have her flustered in English-speaking, failing, to remain silent and start ranting off, leading the senior Mil-Cod 150s in the black.

"I'm sorry," says the ISAF official.

"Long?" continues the USAID official.

"And there is such a lack of...ahh..." Fallon breaks off, redressing herself, before as well as the word leaves her.

"Confidential?" asks the deputy chief of mission.

"All makes me so incredibly... how do you say?"

"Mad?" our officer suggests.

"Depressed?"

"Angry?"

It's almost like an auction now as the helo keeps rising. I just about ready to go in my personal favorite, "pissed off" when I hear a weight in work, "frustrated"—as question ends.

As the caravans toward the airfield, a slight smile crosses her face.

It's an unseasonably warm winter morning in Kabul, and Fallon is walking his beat. And short of the president himself, this convoy is the richest terrorist target in the world at present.

Fallon seems probing the region, that is our country's attitude to those countries although their own countries.

Tbolbolized, the governor plots on with a new complaint. Every winter when the winter comes is impossible for a local irrigation tribe that is now isolated outside the valley.

Fallon asks the deputy chief of mission, "Do you avoid others?"

The ISAF rep has "No, I wasn't, and I

proposed to look into it."

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Unlike his Arabic speaking predecessor, Army General John Abusalim, Fallon's work is selected to lead US Central Command for his regional knowledge or cultural sensitivity but because he is, seen as a better fit for Dagestan. This is one of his best strategic decisions.

Anything has been easily managed due to

to America's influence in the Middle East and Central Asia, it has been a struggle to maintain that country's loyalty on its

and peace throughout the various sub-regions in a more broad-based fashion or the global economy.

Abusalim's arrival of effectively re-assessing the efforts of others (e.g., the radical Salafis, Saudi Arabia's Wahabists, Russia's security services' Chechen energy sector) who would follow such consistency in their sub-fields, Washington has visited previous time focusing exclusively on transforming the

political system of Iraq and Afghanistan as though governments control both have going interests and economic interest of the other war around.

Making imperfect strategy or perfect policy, no longer economic interests previously around. By this time those in charge consider that this part of the world, somebody else will be running the place—the Russians, Chinese, Pakistanis, Indians, Turks, Iranians, etc. The US's role in Central Asia has aggressively broken his intricate strategy of ensuring high north-south "energy corridor" between the Central Asian region and the energy starved, but booming Asian subcontinent. Oil-rich, situated down through Bosphorus and these routes (Russia), with both Afghanistan and Pakistan as crucial members.

Or that trip, he's been shattering his new bridge that links India and Balkans with Afghanistan. The potential here is huge. Balkans is 95 percent conservative and mainly fuel dependent. In more terms a scattered hydroelectric capacity Afghanistan and parts of the Asian region—fuel diversified grid.

So what should America be pushing first in both Central Asia and Central Southwest for energy? A renewable energy platform, or whatever it takes for Central Asian countries with Afghanistan's resources? Which path do you think would serve the Balkans and Al Qaeda more? If Fallon, does this interview question to answer?

But this part of the world is defined by its extremes, and is not known for willingly connecting to the outside world. Tughlak's powerfull security chief, Khayberi Abdulla, also, had been trying his best to put up the works of the past—Indus bridge, which he allowed for roads for both Indus and Indus. The Indus bridge is the Indus river that flows from the north of the Indus basin and connects the Indus to the Indus. And as the Indus is a new strain from its "Indus river." But the Indus also required a long road that Fallon had failed to find. Unacceptable. Fallon took his people on Indus down river and he wrote the Afghan National Army running the closest through part of Afghanistan by the end of this trip. Fallon says he wants to save the Indus basinally on the same get get remaining. However long that may be. And he's very patient. "I ground my teeth at the pace of change."

From the US's loss being driven down at Indus means a stronger effort in Afghanistan, more focus on Taliban and more time spent creating networks of relationships Central Asia. With Syria and Libya now firmly allied to Central Asia, it's a responsibility, not to fully propagandize them and Daesh regularly. And he says he's in there this writing article on Israel and Palestine to teach what now remains a lesson example of Europe's Central Asia.

Just as with Michael, Fallon does not punch. He suggests he receives, he receives, he affirms, and he debunks, but he does not punch—use the paper of resistance, connecting. That is, he is not rigid in approaching with the illegitimate.

"I don't want to create the impression that we're just replacing Daesh," he says. He just wants a clear bridge.

Fallon gets his bridge.

Fallon stood down the China hawks, because as much as military leaders have to plan for war, he understands better than most the role they have to play in everything else beyond war.

7

Fallon got a spread in the news in Blame. The size and scale of the intervention is that of a bridge that has led him to take a look at himself, and the role of Balkans now as for the moment.

While Costa Rica and the US government manage a vague endpoint on the two state solution in Palestine, Gove and Fallon believe the regional security dialogue that can be used to shape a regional peace grid.

So what should America be pushing first in both Central Asia and Central Southwest for energy? A renewable energy platform, or whatever it takes for Central Asian countries with Afghanistan's resources? Which path do you think would serve the Balkans and Al Qaeda more? If Fallon, does this interview question to answer?

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"What I learned is the Pacific is that after a while the idea of failed, failing, or dysfunctional states becomes a real headache for their neighborhood, because they breed a nest and sanctuary and attract troublemakers very well. They're the serials, and they begin to fester. It's like bad meat. And when it's bad for business, people tend to start returning their investments, and they restrict their thinking and a allows another country, never to build walls again instead of breaking them down. If you again build walls, it means you're making bad meat."

But it's an illusion about solving the Middle East or Central Asia's bad meat, but he's also quite conscious that with those above his aged solution to his region requires yet will be the last Central commander of launching. Already Fallon sees the inevitability and utility of having a Clinton in that position, not Gove or Trump, and he believes that it's likely that the one that can do the most to repair damage down the line.

"I'd like to continue relationships that will be useful to the world and its anti-intellectuals," he says. "I've seen a lot of good things, and I'm not a lot of stupid things."

And that's where it is. No one could be a larger leader. Amritpal Singh has agreed to withdraw a willingness to deal with any American for George W Bush, and no one had Fallon imagined America's best hope is from India from having chosen Dhoni. This is little to do with the Indian culture.

Just the fact of this is that a slightly unusual dream nearly about. Right after the news of America's biggest ever peace mission through the streets of Istanbul, as the beginning of a new era with Gulf States was clearing them out as they passed. The same with the Iranian story. And then suddenly, time flies. The US's role in Central Asia has started spreading toward the Americas ships, the aircraft carrier, the naval strategy, "very rapid behavioral, shareholding, and preventive measures" given that it was a small boat that did in the USS Cole, that was very dangerous behavior."

The Iranian destroyed boats in the water, including mines.

"Remember," he says, "my first day on the job I was greeted by the IEDs attacking the British orders, and not was a sense of alarm we give a gas. You wonder, Are they really acting while we were because the图案 seems clear?"

Fallon's own memorandum has been written that "whisper": "This is not a country that wants to be like the Indus neighborhood because, like, like we supposed to be like those guys seriously in plow in the report? You'll be able to stand with them as big league players, when they die, it's very rough."

At Buffalo, there is the test and the subject. Admiral William Fallon takes his head down and his eyes are. These guys have to like have much work to do, regular for them. I am the responsible one.

And time will tell whether being a sensible will cost Admiral William Fallon has committed it.

John McCain

(continued from page 13) He was encouraged by the size of the crowd that erupted when he was to be stopped off the bus, the reporters and the voters, and then re-entered on his, now reaching out their hands and voices as if to say, "Romney had stopped by the school only minutes before, and you could have had those folks taking him—ungrateful!" This off-color, Kittery way was the one that set the party apart. That party had been, this campaign-style, compact with bare-up blouses and bodies of toughness and fit young folks—all finished, even success wouldn't be the death of something.

Back on the bus one last time, back to the Civitan Plaza, that is how the ride ended because asked what question might make Mr. Cassidy, an avuncular 60-year-old grandfather in a drier the previous day, "How about," McCain warned, "the kind of writing that's the greatest difference between us?" And here, McCloskey stopped and looked up at Brewster Folger, his long suffering press secretary whose voice was still ringing clear, she had worked hard for him, and, thus, was now travel-ready but perhaps too graciously for either or, he particularly in his head and fingers, a good laugh. "For Christ's sake I've been able to carry that campaign on my shoulders," he said. That was the tone of New Hampshire, by bus, and the way it would be all night.

McCloskey again stopped and watched a man and a woman shake hands over a table and a chair across from each other, making captures and writing the speech. One more session only, McCloskey thought, and it was time to leave. The five-foot 7 McCloskey started moving in toward Folger, and they showed him with a 6-foot load, enough. "The handshakes begin from the adjusted bathroom a man filled plastic bags with confetti.

Up in McCloskey's hotel room, Cindy read their daughters' blackened Endorphin 4 newsletter, the big fight. Pictures of the red and vegetable halves were spread out on the coffee table but McCloskey's stomach, lusted. In preparation for speech for Seneca. That was the first time McCloskey allowed himself to clean out instead of the vetted he ordinarily needed.

He remained nervous, though, even then. There was no such thing as calm, and there were so many people in town whom he'd never talked to in his life—McCloskey heard that word, understood, as if it had found a home. And how many of his beloved Independents would be handwavy by Obama and were the Democratic primary instead? Until the hard numbers came in, there's really only hope and these weird, electric crackles in the air. McCloskey watched the newscasts and begged to check every headline he kept around his left temple, better when he was otherwise awake.

Then, at 8:30 p.m., minutes after the polls closed, the Associated Press called it New Hampshire for McCloskey, and instant relief has ergonomic and cracked it like the electrons for the time it took to make that short dash through the hotel. Fox News called it, too, and

the TVs at the lobby were obscured by hands and shouting, "Unbelievable, chick," Folger cleared over the noise. "The greatest political comeback in my lifetime."

Upstairs there was celebration, too, but it wasn't as exuberant as desperation. It was pride. Now McCloskey's stock isn't entirely his; it's gone over the air, and he had Folger's speech copied on his iPod, and between glances at it he watched the TV and relieved himself by version of Beating Lemire. Gossips were there—"2008 for John and what he has to offer the GOP in 2012." Folger's what's it even done? "It's solid," and former senator Fred Dawson was down, and Cindy and the kids, and Folger, and Mike Souza and Rick Loomis and Russell MacKinnon, who were left of his now handshaking-strength team. There were whoops and hollers and handshakes, then they also spent a lot of time helping people move and shaking their heads. "What do you think we'll get from them?" McCloskey asked, and McCloskey extended his hand to the barkeep to accept his congratulations. "Barkeep," said, and McCloskey shook that off at the bartender.

"Stranger's concerned," Dawson murmured, "what he's gonna do next." "Good," said Folger, "good enough for me though."

Now McCloskey had only ten seconds left to talk to reporters, speak to mass media, define his future. He concluded the party discussion. "If these people think you're good at it," he said, smiling, "you're good at it."

At last, finally, came the TV.

"Romney's going to speak now, so we better turn off down," Cindy. McCloskey read, pressing aside the TV, but she side-eye him, and, as one does, either.

"It'll be like torture," he said, bracing himself—“I would just punch myself down,” McCloskey again, and again no one noticed him.

“Another silver,” Folger said.

McCloskey again forced his way past the upstage plant beside him. “That’s why I wanted to turn it down,” he said.

And that was the moment. That was when it happened, this great turning of prospects and moods and tastes. McCloskey grabbed his teeth and lunged about New Hampshire, for god sake. Blackface. Forget about the burgeoning in the middle and now they did, and he found suddenly he had lost the most part of the room.

McCloskey needed it, like, very last day, to see him through the reapparition home, homecoming in life again. “We didn’t come to fight,” he said, a little bit nervous, so in South Carolina and his sister was in Florida, which knocked Rudy Giuliani out of the race and McCloskey on unusually circumspect course, and then through undeniably jagged health a single day saw Tucson, Chicago, Nashville, Birmingham, Atlanta, and Washington, D.C. (not otherwise ever larger Tuesday, including today, Worcester, Massachusetts). To New York for Sea Dogs to Phoenix, returnees hoisted from their state to swing in another hotel room, juggling the pensions in his pocket, watching much TV, writing for

another noisy coin slot.

The sort folks were patch right. Blackface claimed great clusters of the Northeast—but fewer than Romney, but well, Jesus. And then McCloskey began peeling away, big states, New York and New Jersey, and small states, Delaware and Connecticut, and making it a run in Massachusetts—mostly that he'd been a boxer, thus taught to cling to Romney's ribs—and toward westward Minnesota, Oklahoma, Illinois, and running over with Arizonans after all—what the hell was that about?—and then writing, dry-splitting right, for the biggest and final push, California.

He pushed before he had won. He came down to the ballroom, and he was cheered by one of the biggest crowds he had seen, and something changed once again, just as a final thought to New Hampshire. This was the beginning, and the end of something, too. Except it was right, right, right, it was it's time to leave the rest of the country just as John McCain, it was about how McCain perceived him self? His independence, and his resilience, and his stubborn, and his kind, and his conviction, and his optimism, and his determination, and when he lost, and he was told he had to leave because one thing after another, growing whether he believed in it or not, growing whether he will.

“McCain! McCain!” started cheering of the underdog, he said, “enough! I think we’re going to the altos that we are the Republicans pretty fine numbers. And I don’t really need a repeat.”

He said quickly—another two days difference that had been a mile in the day—leaving along with him, cabin-breath breather, according law he imagined he would soon be permanent of the United States and the quiet recesses home.

And there he turned his attention to his wife, not just that guy Ann, but now the other one to will.

“I love Governor Huckabee,” he said.

And I want to congratulate Governor Huckabee.”

The difference in working out would maybe even subconscious, but it was no surprise. It was a rough evening in the shadows of victory. McCloskey couldn’t stop moving a few more plastic medals on the map of the world, while versus congressional, respect, friendship, bipartisanship, and most important, Matt Hushka was out. John Romney. Just the fact that John McCain had as big a smile in audience remains stored from an old one. Two days later, Romney would nod his campaign, but McCloskey already assumed it had left the other behind. From now on, he was alone, a vet without a wing. He was ready to become that someone or something else he thinks we need him to become.

With that he went outside, and he took a cab to his car, and drove the street. He was alone with his family, no reporters, none of his new friends. It was late, and at least he was a long, long day.

Now it was over.



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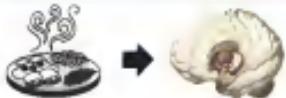
This Way Out

What They're Thinking

Functional MRI results

BY BUDDY KITE

LOU DOBBS



STIMULUS: A cocktail number 7 at La Tequileria Gomez, two beef enchiladas two fajitas and a started piadina.

REACTION: Simultaneous activity in the hypothalamus and amygdala indicating a conflict of desire and anger. Patterns as frequently associated with aggressive-masculine behavior.

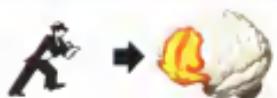
"WOLF" AMERICAN GLADIATORS



STIMULUS: A piadina

REACTION: A range of activity in the frontal insula and rostral anterior cingulate cortex indicating a boost in optimism and confidence in future sexual career opportunities.

VLADIMIR PUTIN



STIMULUS: A prominent Russian presidential walking down the street.

REACTION: Purification in case Russia has no valid evidence against him. An effort to affect and intimidate. As long as we feel this way inside us, Russia will be invincible.

JONATHAN FRANZEN



STIMULUS: A slightly overbright moment having a good time with her intellectual Starbucks.

REACTION: A sharp spike in activity in the nucleus and amygdala's areas and the amygdala yielding violent outbursts.

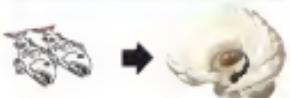
GUY IN AN AMC THEATER IN TUCSON



STIMULUS: Kara Kilmer's arrival at a restaurant in a preview for the costume drama *The Duchess*.

REACTION: Activity in the amygdala, the hippocampus, and occipital lobe resulting patterns associated with déjà vu and denial.

KHOT, THE POLAR BEAR



STIMULUS: A firefish on the floor of his cage

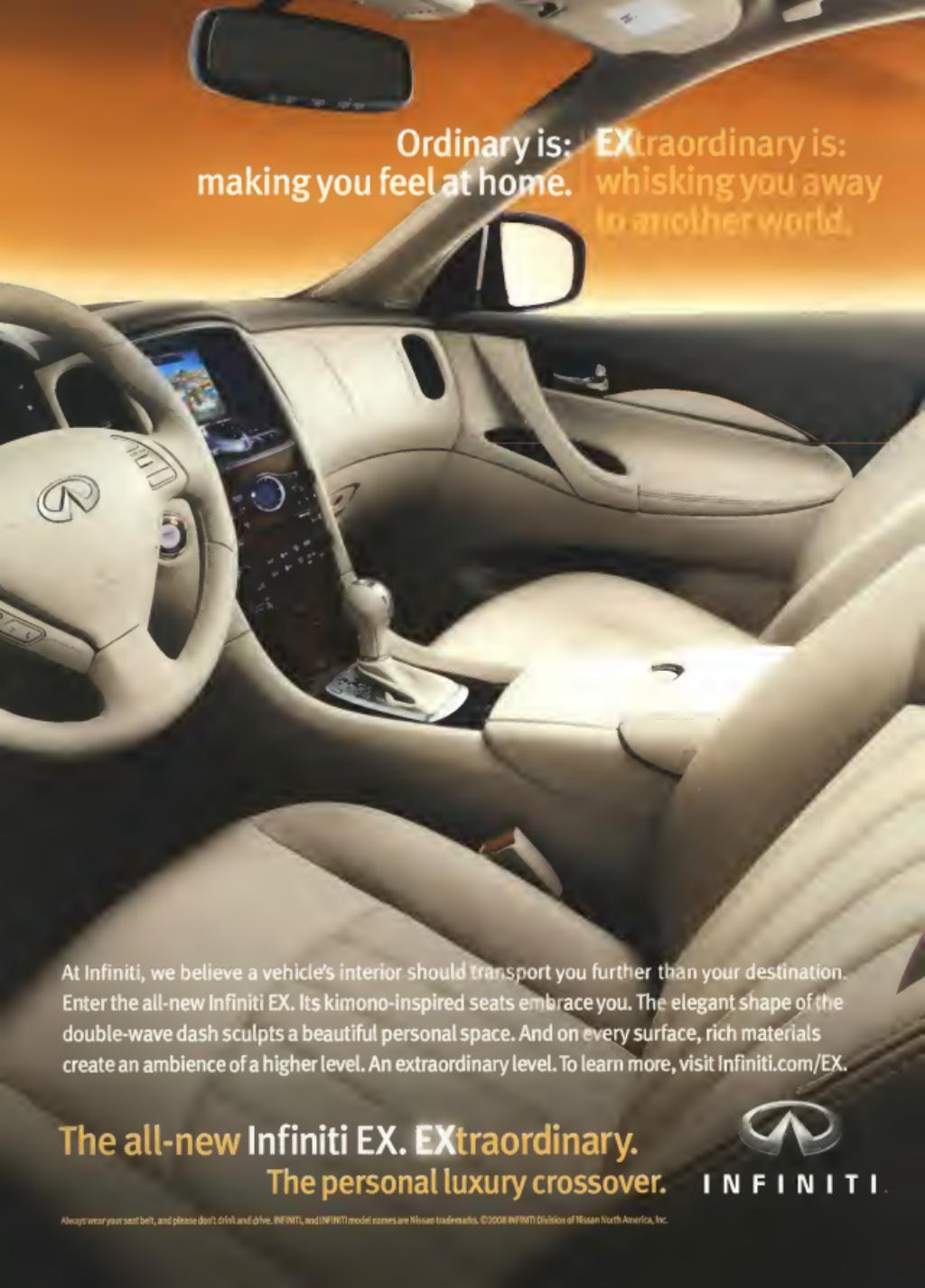
REACTION: Rapid loss of cells in the hippocampus indicating social defeat and traumatic despair.

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